The Nation.

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The Week.

Dispatches from Paris and Washington agree that the Commissioners sent by the United States to arrange with Commissioners of Spain the terms of a treaty of peace, on Monday demanded as one of its features the surrender by Spain to this nation of all the Philippine Islands, as territory of the United States. We do not now discuss the wisdom or folly of annexing this archipelago. We simply point out that its acquisition would mean the incorporation into our system of an immense group of islands on the other side of the globe, occupied by eight millions of people, of various races, that are for the most part either savage or but half-civilized; which the most ardent advocate of the policy admits can never become States in the Union, and which, therefore, must constitute colonies of such a sort as were never contemplated by the founders of this nation, and for the government of which we have no precedent in our history. We then invite attention to the manner in which this revolutionary change in our policy is to be effected, if the McKinley Administration can have its way with the Senate when the treaty drawn up at Paris shall be submitted next winter. No step in the development of the American republic since the adoption of the Federal Constitution is comparable in importance with the annexation of the Philippines. The abolition of slavery, although it required a four years' war, necessitated no change in our form of government and no departure from the principles of a Union of equal States upon which the Government had been established; while the annexation of a distant group of islands, which can never become States, involves a radical departure from all our traditions and our methods. Yet a change in policy of such stupendous importance to democracy is to be made—so far as the McKinley Administration can make it—without any expression of opinion on the subject by the people through a vote, either directly or indirectly, and in response to the supposed demand of the populace.

Representative Boutelle of Maine, who showed his courage in standing out against the craze over Venezuela three years ago, and against the demand for a needless war with Spain last spring, served notice in a speech to a Republican club in Boston, on Saturday week, that he will make a fight in Congress for the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. "I look upon that question," he said—the question what shall be done "where our flag has gone up"—"as one of the most important, as involving the deepest considerations of statecraft, as of more vital interest to the future of the people of this country, and possibly to the future relations of the nations of the earth, more important than anything that has transpired affecting the relations of the great Powers of the earth within the last generation." He asked his countrymen that "they shall meet that question like statesmen and thoughtful patriots; that they shall not let themselves be carried away by any wild enthusiasm of military glory; that they shall not rush to conclusions simply because the flags are waving overhead and because the guns are exploding to the right of us and to the left of us." For himself, he did "not believe that, because Gen. Miles and his legions marched so triumphantly across the island of Porto Rico and raised our flag so gloriously over its citadel, it carries one iota of obligation upon us to assume responsibility of the government of that island, either by acquisition or otherwise, if we deliberately conclude that it is not for our best interests to do so." Nor was he "yet ready to believe that the fundamental principles of the Declaration of Independence have become obsolete," or that "we have reached the time yet to repeal any portion of that most magnificent creation of statecraft and patriotism, the Constitution of the United States."

John W. Stewart, ex-Governor and ex-Congressman of Vermont, one of that old school of public men who thought out public questions and had the courage to stand by the convictions which they reached, was lately asked by a Burlington editor whether he believed in the "imperial" policy which is now so popular with the bosses, the speculators, and the clergy of the United States. Replying, "most emphatically," in the negative, Mr. Stewart expresses his regret that we already have incorporated into our body politic "the heterogeneous peoples of Hawaii and Porto Rico," but would make the best of it by accepting their future statehood as inevitable, and trying to minimize as much as possible the harm of this inevitable result. Here, however, he "would draw the line absolutely." He pronounces "intolerable and indeed unthinkable the idea of taking the hundreds of the tropical Philippine Islands, with their millions of incongruous heathen, or any one of them, with a view to their ultimate incorporation into our system as an integral part thereof"; and he holds that "we cannot run two irreconcilable systems of government at the same time without shipwreck." He says that we have denied the principle of the free choice of the people in taking Hawaii and Porto Rico without consulting the wishes of their inhabitants, and we cannot safely go a step further on that road. "Our great paramount duty is to guard the rights and interests of the seventy-five millions of our own people, and to preserve and maintain intact the vital principles upon which our own and all popular government rests."

The bellicose clergymen are beginning to "catch it" from the laity. The truth is, the average man had his breath quite taken away for a while by the chorus of war cries from apostles of "the Prince of Peace" who advocated the conquest of savages in order to give them the Gospel, and it has taken some time to recover the power of speech. Now that the man who sits in the pew is able to express his views, he is making very clear his opinion of the extraordinary doctrine which has been preached at him from the pulpit. Mr. J. N. Larned of Buffalo, in an admirable address at a reception to officers of the Thirteenth Regiment the other evening, characterized as one of three influences which are "working dangerously in this country" to carry us into political courses that have their issue in war, "ministers of a class who look for the Gospel of Christ in the Jewish war-histories of the Old Testament"; the other two being "newspapers of the class that would sell 1,000 lives, if they could, for a shrieking headline, or a hideous picture, or a startling newsboy's cry on the street," and "Senators and Congressmen of a class who listen to the talk of barrooms and take it for the public opinion of the country." Mr. Larned declared that he "feared them, feared the delusive, sham patriotism and sham religion that they hold up to us," and contended that the real "mission" of this people is "to work out a grand experiment of self-government for mankind, clear and exempt from all the old-world tangles of feudal and military growth; to build this republic great and high, and to perfect it from base to pinnacle, as a model to the nations of freedom, of justice, of honesty, of honor, of order; to make its people missionaries, not by preaching, but by example, of Christian righteousness and peace."

Apropos of the "blessings of civilization," which we were going to distribute with a lavish hand in both the West and East Indies, the thoroughly trustworthy correspondent of the *Evening Post* in San Juan tells a shameful story of the disgraceful misconduct of United States troops in Porto Rico. He quotes

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the complaints of the Ponce newspapers, all of which were most cordial in their reception and support of the new government, and states that his own investigations confirm the worst that is charged. Briefly, the Ponce press declares that "there is no safety" on the streets; that "our ladies are at all times exposed to the insults of drunken soldiers"; that soldiers rob servants going to market, enter restaurants, drink until intoxicated, beat the servants and break the crockery, and even enter private houses and steal what they can lay their hands on. One of the newspapers sums the matter up by saying that "we suffered much under the Spaniards, but certain of our liberators commit greater offences than those of our former masters." So unbearable have these outrages by the United States troops in Porto Rico become that a Ponce journal already says that "these acts are breeding hatred between us and the Americans," and suggests that if the authorities, civil or military, do not put a definite stop to them, "a commission be sent to Washington to energetically set our complaints before the Government and the American people." Another newspaper says that, if these abuses continue, "we shall lose all our illusions of liberty and justice, and the consequences will be truly lamentable, because we will not submit quietly to a new tyranny." It is only a few weeks since we landed our forces in Porto Rico, with the announced purpose of putting an end to the intolerable rule of Spain in that island.

It will be unfortunate if we should lose Illinois just as we are acquiring the Philippines, for Illinois is worth fifty Philippines. But Illinois has already left the Union without the firing of a shot for its preservation. It has passed, to our eternal disgrace, under the rule of a man called Tanner, a barbarian of the type of Menelek of Abyssinia—that is, a half-savage with a gloss of Christianity. He has already virtually declared war against the United States by forbidding the entrance of any persons from the Union into his dominions without his permission, and threatening to kill them with Gatling guns if they attempt it. He has apparently cowed the President of the United States, who attempts no resistance to the dismemberment of the republic, but some say that he will lead an army against Tanner after the election. The true reason of his tame submission we believe to be the absence of so large a portion of his troops civilizing and elevating Spaniards and Tagals. If Tanner is to be opposed, however, it ought to be done quickly, for he is daily gathering strength and committing fresh atrocities. But we must give the devil his due. The "yellow" story that he cuts off heads for fun, we are assured has no foundation. His civilization, though thin, is of a much higher type than King Koffee Kalkalli's.

There seems to be no doubt that the Mormons in Utah have broken their pledges to give up polygamy on condition that their Territory should be admitted into the Union as a State, and that the Church is "running things" with as high a hand as ever. The testimony which comes from Gentiles who represent various denominations is so clear and detailed that nobody can question the fact. Under ordinary circumstances people would be stirred up over such a state of things, and ask what should be done about it. But since we have become a "world Power" and are engrossed in "spreading the blessings of civilization" all over the globe, the Mormon problem is a mere "parochial question," which nobody has time to bother over.

The usual number of negroes were lynched last week. Two were thus disposed of in Edgefield County, S. C. The charge against them was the killing of a white woman. One of the inculpated negroes, named Sullivan, accused the other one, named Mackey, of the crime. Mackey denied the charge, and retorted that Sullivan was the guilty party. So both of them were lynched in order to make sure of punishing the right one, although one of them had been exonerated by a Coroner's jury. A third negro was killed in the course of the proceedings, but the dispatches do not tell why. The course of events was varied slightly at St. Helena Parish, La., where a white man was lynched for taking sides with a negro in a quarrel which the latter had with another white man. News comes, simultaneously, from Lafayette, Ala., of a lynching that occurred there several days ago.

We cannot recall a more extraordinary political spectacle than that which was displayed in Lenox Lyceum on Monday evening, when Gov. Black made his first appearance in the present campaign. Elihu Root, the man who in 1895 denounced Lou Payn as a "corrupt lobbyist in the legislative affairs of the State," saying that for thirty years he had "been notorious, a stench in the nostrils of all good and honest men in the State of New York," spoke from the same platform with the Governor who, in full knowledge of Payn's character and in full light of Mr. Root's exposure and denunciation of him, appointed Payn to one of the most powerful offices in the public service of the State. Mr. Root not only did this, but he spoke of the joint appearance of himself and the Governor as gratifying evidence that the Republican lion and the Republican lamb were "getting together and fighting together with equal ardor against the common foe," and declared of the Governor that "no Republican in the State can come before the people of this city and find a more sincere welcome or receive for his words more genuine respect." Yet the last time the Governor came to this city he spoke from this same platform in defence of Platt's course in opposing Low with Tracy, thus putting Tammany in possession of the city. Mr. Root was at that time denouncing Platt for joining hands with Croker against honest and decent government of the city. We should like to know what kind of conduct Mr. Root would require of Gov. Black to convince him that he was not worthy of the "genuine respect" of the people of this city. Forgery?

The best indication we see, of an indirect kind, that Croker is uncertain about his future is his talking so much. Last year, when he achieved an immense victory, there was no talking on the Democratic side at all; the silence, as it proved of confidence, reigned. This year his talk is incessant, and it is the talk of a blackmailing criminal. He threatens his more prominent opponents with exposures of various sorts, just like the strolling extortioners who so often make erring citizens pay smartly, lest their sins should find them out. Thus far, however, we cannot say he has done much for popular morality. Most of his stories are either evident exaggerations, or silly trivialities, or plain lies. A good work he could do, but is not doing, would be the exposure of the companies and financiers who for some years past have been paying him blackmail in return for dishonest legislation. If he would produce some particulars of this kind, he would make a genuine sensation and help the "organization." In fact, there is not a man in this community, in all probability, who has so much dynamite stored in his capacious bosom.

There is a bit of *concio ad clerum* of our own composition, apropos of Croker, which we faintly hope may be blessed to some of our clerical brethren: "Knowing as you do, beloved, what kind of person Croker is, how he began life, what his career has been, how he lives, where his income comes from, what his notions of duty and patriotism are, what kind of political morality he diffuses through the poor and ignorant masses of this city, what immense influence he wields among them; seeing, too, how he talks to judges, legislators, merchant princes, and how respectfully he is listened to, do you not feel that these admonitions he is addressing to us are an awful shame to us as a Christian community? Do you not also think that there is something very absurd in gentlemen like some of you longing to get

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at more heathen to evangelize and elevate when you have a state of things like this at your own doors? Are you not, considering the moral and religious state of your nation at this moment, among the comic 'expansionists' of history? Are you not amusing in trying to bring the heathen to sit under you by the aid of quick-firing guns, when you have already got fifty times more heathen around you at home than you can possibly manage? Is there in Cuba or Porto Rico or the Philippines a shame more burning, a deeper disgrace, than this same Croker? Had the Spaniards any ruler more steeped in iniquity, or more expert in the arts which kill the soul, according to the story you tell every day in your pulpits, than he is? Will you not look down and around a little more, and think of the duty that lies nearest at hand instead of your duties in longitude 120 degrees and latitude 15 degrees?"

The decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois in the case of the Pullman Palace Car Company, holding that the company had no right under its charter to own a town and exercise municipal authority, must not be considered as an attack on the rights of property. It is a well-known rule of the law of corporations that they cannot exercise powers not specifically granted to them. This is a necessary rule since, without it, there would be no limit to their powers except those which they set for themselves. It is very likely that if the Pullman Company, in its first application for a charter, had applied for the powers which it has since exercised in the town of Pullman, they would have been granted. They have certainly been beneficial to the community there domiciled, and have been not harmful to any other people. Still, as the powers exercised were never asked for and never granted, it was pretty certain that they would be annulled if ever called in question in the courts. The unauthorized powers exercised by the company include the holding of real estate other than the amount necessary for the purposes contemplated by the charter, and the exercise of functions which the general law of the State contemplates shall be possessed and exercised only by the municipal authorities of cities and towns and by the public-school authorities. It may be true, and we think it is, that the town of Pullman has been managed better by the company than it would have been by ordinary municipal authorities, and, perhaps, its schools have been better managed than they would have been if under the supervision of the public-school authorities; yet it was altogether an *imperium in imperio*, which could not last if it were once challenged. The case goes back now to the lower court to be tried in conformity with the rules laid down in the opinion of the Supreme Court. The company's property rights are not molested, subverted, or impaired.

Building the tombs of the prophets who had been stoned to death is an old way of making amends. The new way is to erect a statue. One of Shelley now stands in the grounds of the college from which he was expelled for supposed atheism; and a few days ago a statue to Dr. James Martineau was unveiled at Manchester New College, Oxford. This, of course, is a Nonconformist foundation, and the University proper was not involved. Yet Oxford gave Martineau the degree of D.C.L. in 1888, and at the ceremony the other day the Master of Balliol, Dr. Caird, took a part. Considering the radical type of theology, even for a Unitarian, represented by Dr. Martineau, this marks a great advance in the spirit of toleration, and of reverence for the finer qualities of mind and life irrespective of theological differences. In Jowett's Life there is an amusing account of the flutter at Oxford when it was discovered that the American Minister, Mr. Everett, who was to receive an honorary degree from the University, was a Unitarian. He nearly lost his degree; and, as it was, the horrified dons (it was in the full tide of the Oxford Movement) shrank from the unconscious American as if he were another Cerinthus and they so many St. Johns.

There is at least this to be said about the action of the French Chamber in upsetting the Government, that it went swiftly to its aim without being at all diverted by the threat of a foreign war. The Prime Minister was evidently manœuvring to get the Parliament to "stand behind" him, like another American Congress when the President breathes a word of war. The various "groups" and parties were sounded to see if they would not drop everything else for the moment and face England as one man. It was eminently a time, as Mr. McKinley says, for "sinking all differences at home" and presenting a united front to the foreign foe. But the lucid French Deputies were not humbugged by this talk. They knew what they wanted, and marched towards it with startling rapidity and directness. The war could wait. One minister was as good as another to front the enemy. So down went the Brisson cabinet with a crash. The display of passion, and the motives operative in the mob and Chamber alike, were not highly creditable; but at bottom the political instinct was a sound one which refused to put up with an intolerable domestic situation on the plea that foreign complications compelled it. We doubt if any other country in the world would have been equal to doing this. England would not. Salisbury's opponents are falling over each other in their haste to declare that he can count on them if his voice is for war. As for our own Congress, in the place of the French Parliament, it would have voted Brisson a milliard on sight, wept and shouted and waved the flag, and been interviewed in all the yellow journals like fury.

People are saying that the Paris mobs look as if 1789 had come again, but one must go farther back than that to find a parallel for the Dreyfus revelations. The cold official report made on Thursday to the Court of Cassation reads like a chapter out of the history of the fifteenth century. Alexander VI. and Francesco Sforza seem to have come out of their graves. They could have had no more brutal frankness in putting an innocent man out of the way than Gen. Gonse has displayed. "But he is an innocent man!" protested Col. Picquart. "What has that to do with the case?" was the reply. "Mercier and Saussier sent him to the Isle du Diable, and there let him rot." Not the faintest idea of justice as a natural right or as a pillar of the state appears to have been in the mind of any of these military chiefs. Another mediæval note of the Dreyfus affair throughout is the frightful credulity which has rested like an obsession upon Frenchmen of all classes. The machinations of "the Jews" have taken the place of the evil eye and demoniacal possession as a means of popular terrorization. Even the coolest men go off their heads in the general mania. When Col. Picquart carried to Bertillon, the expert, documentary proof that Esterhazy, not Dreyfus, wrote the famous *bordereau*, all that he could see in the facts was that "the Jews" had been training a man for two years to imitate the handwriting of the *bordereau*, and at last they had succeeded in deceiving even him. Cruel injustice, unbounded popular gullibility—these are true characteristics of the Middle Ages. Happily, France seems to be waking herself from her four years' nightmare about Dreyfus, and he is at last in a fair way to have an impartial trial.

The Court, as well as public opinion in France, has reversed itself. It dismissed Zola's appeal on the narrowest technical grounds, though his counsel, though Col. Picquart, stood ready to prove all that has since been proved about the forgeries and the secret documents. Then, when the nation was raging at Dreyfus and "the Jews," the Court easily found law to support the popular contention. Now that press and people are convinced that Dreyfus was grossly wronged on his first trial, the Court of Cassation finds itself of that opinion, too, and discovers abundant warrant in the statutes for granting a new trial. The case will add but one more to the historic examples of judges finding the law to execute the popular will.

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COLONEL WARING.

We have to announce, with the deepest sorrow, the death of Col. Waring, on Saturday morning, of Cuban yellow fever. This Cuban war has cost many valuable American lives, but they have been generally young lives whose value lay largely in their promise. Col. Waring was distinctly a man of mark, to whom the city and the whole country had incurred the deepest obligations. His labors as a sanitary engineer in various towns and villages had literally carried light into numerous dark places. In this city he solved a problem which many wise and experienced heads deemed insoluble, by showing that the streets of New York could be cleaned, and by cleaning them. That they could not, was the opinion even of Waring's warmest friends, who regretted that he should attempt, in the afternoon of life, a task so unpromising. He consulted us before undertaking it, and we gave him what encouragement we could, but the way he was received at the beginning of his enterprise seemed to justify the forebodings of those who dissuaded him. He was received with a howl of derision and contumely from the press and the politicians and office-seekers. It made no difference that he was trying to do something to benefit the public, and that it would be a great thing for the city if he succeeded. He was treated from the outset as a public enemy. Of course Tammany raved against him, but the Republican politicians were just as bad. The Republican machine denounced him from the first. The "Grand Army of the Republic" were infuriated against him because he publicly resented their pursuing him for places for decrepit or lazy men, whose only merit was their having possibly served in the war thirty years previously. Then, he lived at the time of his appointment in Newport, and to have the streets cleaned by a Newport man was more than a hungry New York politician could bear. In fact, to sum up, we doubt whether any public officer in America has, in time of peace, ever undertaken the performance of a public service under more disheartening difficulties.

To crown all, the clamor provoked by his outspokenness, so rare among American office-holders, finally became so great as to alarm Mayor Strong, and lead him to threaten him with dismissal. We confess that we, who knew the anxieties which lay behind Waring's cheerful face during his first year in office, were filled with admiration for his calm. To hold his post and carry out his plans under such conditions needed a steadier and loftier courage than the charge of any battery or redoubt. We do not need now to tell the people of New York, over his cold ashes, how many things he did for their welfare, how he not only cleaned their streets, but infused new hope and promise into the movement which, in his time, began to spread, for a better municipal life; how he made municipal cleanliness and hygiene popular and welcome in the foulest regions of the city; how he cheered municipal reformers all over the country, by showing them what heart and hope could accomplish in this apparently most unpromising of fields. This is now an old story, which every one who longs for better things knows by heart.

But there is another lesson in Waring's history and in his sad end, which we would fain hope the American public will take to heart. We are trying one of the most astonishing experiments ever tried by man since society was organized. We do not mean the experiment of democracy. There is just as much to be said for that as for any other form of government. The place where power is lodged makes little difference, as long as the power is well exercised, as long as the public good, and not selfish interest, is its aim. What we are trying to do is to exercise power through the least fit members of the community, through its failures and ignoramuses, through persons whose only qualifications for office are greed and selfishness, want of skill, want of love of country, want of public spirit. We are trying to exercise power with a complete ignoring of most of the lessons of human experience, either ancient or modern, in the conduct of human affairs. To say that knowledge, the knowledge that our successful colleges all over the land are so busy in accumulating, goes for little in our government and is rather despised by our governing class, is to state a familiar fact. We are treating the lessons of history and science with equal contempt. Take the case of the recent war with which we are so delighted, because we happened to have a weak and imbecile enemy. What has human experience—that is, history and science—to say about going to war with raw troops in the middle of summer in a tropical country? What has human experience of war, or, in other words, military science, to say about taking raw troops to the field under officers as raw as themselves? What has human experience to say about beginning war without any preparation whatever—commissariat, medical service, staff, or suitable clothing or drill? And who planned the war and urged it on? War is the most awful and solemn undertaking in which human societies can engage. Who was it said ours was "necessary," and should begin immediately? Who became "our country" *pro hac vice*, demanding "son and wife, limbs and life"? Was it our men of mark, our statesmen, our scholars, our philosophers or jurists, our great soldiers or seamen? On whose requisition was it that our youth left their studies and offices to slaughter their fellow-men? Was it not mainly men whose advice we should not think of taking on any affair of private conduct for a single moment; on whose recommendation, if not "clothed with a little brief authority," we should not think of destroying a troublesome dog?

We shall not answer these questions. We trust to most of our readers they answer themselves. But they lead us back directly to Waring's case. Waring proved himself, in one department of American life very important for our health and comfort, to be the leading, if not the only, expert in the country, for whose advent we had vainly waited ever since New York became a city. Were our affairs, as we have said, conducted rationally, we should at once have seized on him for permanent service, at such a salary as we pay a railroad president, for instance. We should never have let him go as long as he retained his faculties, if money could keep him. But we dismissed him, almost with contumely, at the end of three years. During his term of office he had the wretched salary of $6,000 a year, and he quitted his office in debt; but we have joyfully spent $400,000,000 in killing Spaniards and destroying their property, on behalf of a people whom we confess that, before we began killing, we knew nothing about, and, when it was over, we acknowledged to be worthless.

When Tammany turned him out, did reason hold much sway among us, would not a dozen American cities have begun to bid for his services? Nearly all American cities are in the condition in which New York was when he took charge of the streets. We do not suppose one of them ever thought of such a thing. The proposal to employ an expert for such a purpose would have seemed the thought of a wild visionary or millenarian. Then appeared the comic feature which so often marks our public affairs. A better illustration of the working of our "expansion" policy we could not have desired. Although every city in America needed him, the city on which he was set to work was a city in Cuba. In other words, *pace* Griggs of New Jersey, our own problems were dropped in order that we might tackle those of the Spaniards. He was sent by our President into holes in a foreign city reeking with the filth of four hundred years, to which the inhabitants were acclimated, and which they probably liked, and laid down his life for "expansion." The cleaning of Spanish streets is none of our business. The business we have, with such folly, taken on ourselves, is to provide Cubans with a government of their own, which will clean their streets if they want them clean. We are no more bound to clean the streets of Havana than the streets of Pekin, which need it even worse.

We may rely on one thing, that unless we keep Cuba indefinitely under military government, and clean it through

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our soldiers, the streets neither of Havana nor of any other Cuba town will stay clean one day after we leave. Once the Cuban people enter again into the management of their own affairs, they will keep the streets the way they like them—that is, dirty. And why should they not? How do we keep ours in most of our cities? Keeping the streets clean is an affair of character, as we have said about the "sea power." You know whether a people will keep their streets clean by the kind of men they employ in the transaction of their public business.

Waring was sent to Cuba on an errand as foolish as most of the "expansionist" policy. He sacrificed in it a life of great value to the American people. This is probably what will continue to happen if the American people continue to allow such sages as Hanna and President McKinley to shape their "destiny" for them, without a word of protest. They are doing it now without a voice being raised. Napoleon did not dispose of France with less let or hindrance than our Napoleon disposes of us, and yet we know or feel that he does not concoct our "destiny" himself, but has it dealt out to him in instalments by a private friend. And we may be sure that if "expansion" continues, Waring will not be its last victim. We shall continue to send our best citizens, who would be invaluable to us at home, to solve for the benefit of the Tagals and the Cubans problems which here in America we refuse to consider for a moment. If we knew the things which make for our peace and prosperity, we should regard the life of a man like Waring as of more value to the American people than the whole island of Cuba and all that it contains.

THE "ELEVATION" BEGUN.

Senators Hanna, Quay, and Platt and all other eminent advocates of expansion and empire assure us that the enlargement of our boundaries will elevate and broaden us as a people by compelling us to take wider views of our mission in the world. The eloquent Griggs has said that the business of governing our new possessions will "raise the sense of political and official obligation as they increase responsibility," and "will take the people out of the treadmill rounds of domestic politics, where issues are too often artificial and transient." He has bidden us "lift up our eyes to the heights where, glory-crowned, the genius of American liberty points to a future pregnant with prodigious good to all mankind," meaning thereby our new possessions, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. A striking glimpse of some of these "glory-crowned heights" is afforded us in an account of the experiences which Gen. Wood, Governor of the Military Department of Santiago, is having with some of the new peoples to whom we are extending the blessings of American civilization and incidentally elevating our national character.

Gen. Wood, who was appointed by President McKinley to his position of Military Governor after the fall of Santiago, has been travelling over our new possessions in that region with a view to giving them good American government in place of the barbaric Spanish rule which we went to war to exterminate. He reached Manzanillo a few days ago and found there awaiting his arrival "no fewer than two thousand insurgents, of whom 500 are officers, who want office, and whose clamor almost amounts to a demand." They are divided into two factions, one led by Gen. Jesus Rabi and the other by Gen. Rios. Nearly all the offices, including the mayoralty and custom-house inspectorships, are held by the Rabi faction, but the supply is by no means equal to the demands of that faction. Gen. Wood, proceeding upon the approved American method in such cases, sought to "pacify" the Rios faction by giving them "six places on the rural police force, the lighthouse at Cape Cruz, and several other minor appointments." What is the result? "Neither party is satisfied, each thinking that he ought to have all the offices." Something like that situation has surely existed in this country at various times and places. Gen. Rios has had an interview with Gen. Wood, and has demanded that Gen. Jesus Rabi's man, who is in possession of the mayoralty, be "fired" and his own man be given the "place." From this point the interview became so thoroughly American in character that we quote the account in full:

> "Gen Wood asked on what grounds the dismissal could be sustained. He said: 'Is not the Mayor a competent officer? Has he not an excellent reputation? Did he not serve bravely and effectively throughout the entire war?' To all of this Gen. Rios replied in the affirmative, but he insisted that *his own nominee was entitled to the place, because he was a Rios man. The interests of the city and locality were apparently minor considerations* in the mind of the Cuban commander. But this appears to be the case everywhere among the Cuban insurgents."

Is not that the genuine American system as it is practised by all our bosses and put in operation by the President? The surprising statement is made in the account from which we are quoting that Gen. Wood "regards the outlook as rather discouraging"? Why? we should like to ask. Could stronger evidence be given us that the "elevating" process has already begun in Cuba? Not only begun, but, so far as this portion of our new possessions is concerned, virtually completed. They have grasped our system perfectly. What is the difference between the reasoning of Gen. Rios in favor of having his man put into the mayoralty of Manzanillo, and that which President Harrison followed when he "fired" Mr. Pearson from the postmastership of New York and put Mr. Van Cott in his place? Were not the "interests of the city and locality minor considerations" in that transaction? Was not the same line of reasoning followed by President McKinley in reference to the Comptrollership of the Currency, the post-office in Brooklyn, and, in fact, nearly all the large offices of the country? Is it not, in short, the very basis of our political system as administered by all our Presidents and Governors and bosses whenever they come into power? Instead of being "discouraged," we should lift our hands in wonder and admiration at the phenomenal quickness with which our Cuban allies in the late war have grasped the spirit of our institutions. They have no sooner caught a glimpse of "American civilization" than they have said, "That is what we want."

They want it so deeply that they have given up everything else in the way of occupation in order to get it. Read this picture of them in the account from which we are quoting:

> "The majority of the insurgents here have no money, and go about living from hand to mouth and wondering what will happen next. Armed men are not allowed rations. As the Cubans will not disband and will not work, nothing remains for them but to strut about the city with machetes and revolvers. Some of them are nearly naked, others appear in long-legged patent-leather boots with silver spurs, carrying superbly wrought Toledo machetes. A few wear immaculate white suits and Panama hats. These are, for the most part, the New York contingent, each man now a veritable Bombastes Furioso."

When we read also that Gen. Wood is "besieged by the seekers for office," in what respect does the scene differ from that which we are accustomed to in Washington every four years when a new President is inaugurated? The apparel of the new Cuban-Americans is somewhat more picturesque, but their hearts beat as true to the flag of their new fatherland as do those of our native office-seekers. They have been "elevated" and they will allow nothing to deprive them of the fruits of that blessed change. They have their eyes so fixed upon the shining "heights" that they will even shoot one of their own number if he takes his eyes off the heights and goes to work, for while "members of the rank and file of the two factions are anxious to go to work, the leaders refuse to allow them to do so, and the men dare not desert, as they would certainly be shot if captured." So determined are they, that Gen. Wood found it "necessary to send a detachment of the Fourth Immune Regiment, under a sergeant, to the Rigney plantation, in order to compel the armed Cubans to allow men to work there." Was ever such devotion as this to a new system of government shown by a rude and hitherto barbaric people? They have been "elevated," civilized at a single stroke, and under their leaders take their places with the rest of us as American citizens living happily under boss government and enjoying the emoluments and blessings thereof.

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EXPANSIONISTS, ATTENTION!

A great deal is said about the necessity of our seizing and holding the Philippines in order to furnish a chance for our manufacturers to sell their wares to the savages who inhabit those islands. To hear the advocates of this policy, one would suppose that the business men of the United States had already worked up all the chances for trade that exist in civilized nations, and had nothing left in the world to reach but barbarians.

The absurdity of all this talk can be clearly exposed by a sample illustration of the manner in which Americans have neglected to improve an excellent opportunity to extend their trade in Italy, which was thrust upon their notice by a representative of our Government who realized its importance. An international exposition was planned to take place in Turin during the present year, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the Constitution of 1848. An American tourist passed through Turin about the end of September. The exposition had then been open some months, and the attendance had aggregated a million and a half in the first 100 days, or an average of 15,000 a day. The traveller made two visits to the grounds, and he was impressed by the almost total absence of exhibits from this country. While his examination was not thorough, and more careful search might have disclosed additions to the list, all that he saw from the United States was the display of a typewriter firm, a cash-register manufactory, and a paint company. He was struck by the apparently total absence of American agricultural machines, which could not easily be overlooked. As he had himself travelled 2,000 miles in Europe on an American bicycle, he naturally looked with interest to see what manufacturers from this country were represented. "I hunted high and low for an American machine," he wrote, "but not one did I see exhibited, although several English firms were represented."

Upon learning of the poor showing by the United States at Turin, we consulted the Department of State to learn whether American manufacturers had been left in ignorance regarding this exposition. We find that as early as the spring of 1897 the Italian Ambassador to the United States brought the matter to the notice of our Secretary of State, and made a special reference to the desire of his Government that the electrical firms of this country should send displays to the department of electricity, the promoters being "convinced that nothing but a show where makers and specialists of all countries are represented will prove efficient in assuring progress both in science and industry," and also pointing out that "Italy, where unemployed hydraulic power is still abundant, affords a large field to the enterprising spirit of electrical engineers."

Our Consul at Turin appears to have done his full duty in the premises. In a communication to the State Department, he wrote that "probably in no Continental country would the superiority of the American goods and fabrics be better recognized than in Italy, which is overstocked with cheap German and shoddy English articles," and he thus described the efforts which he had made to see that "examples of American ingenuity and workmanship" should be displayed at Turin this year:

"Anticipating that, on account of the Exposition at Paris in 1900, the United States Government was not likely to be represented officially at the national exposition to be opened here in the spring of 1898, of which the electric and machinery departments are of international character, I induced a leading business house here, well recommended by New York bankers, to ask our exporters to be represented at the exposition. Two thousand circulars were sent to the leading exporters all over the United States by the Turin firm."

What was the result? "The responses," wrote the Consul, "were practically nil; not a single exporter seems to show the least anxiety to extend his market to Italy or to show his goods at the exposition." The melancholy conclusion of our representative at Turin is that "an excellent opportunity has been lost, which will not soon offer itself again for this country."

This was only the most flagrant and striking of many opportunities for extending American trade in Italy which have been lost. The same 'Review of the World's Commerce' issued by the State Department that contains the letter from which we have quoted, tells a similar story from our Consul at Genoa, which is worth quoting. Premising that "Italy is ripe for American manufactures of every kind," and that "there will be no trouble to find ships to transport the goods," he writes:

"In 1892, when the Columbian Exposition was about to open here, the writer opened correspondence with certain manufacturers of locks and safes in the United States, and begged them to make an exhibit of their productions at this exposition, for at that time, and even now, I believe, neither an American lock nor an American safe was to be found in this entire consular district, except the small locks used in the general post-office here. The answers were, they were too busy preparing for the Chicago Exposition, which was to be opened one year later. English locks have since been introduced here."

Our Consul at Messina makes the same complaint that our business men neglect their opportunities in Italy. There is not the least obstacle, he writes, to the introduction of United States goods; the people will be only too anxious to use American wares if they can get them on the same terms as the English, Belgian, or German. He adds:

"The real obstacle to trade lies in the apathy of the United States manufacturers, who should adopt the methods of their foreign competitors. The English bicycle manufacturer establishes an agent in every city of importance, and keeps a stock of wheels on hand. The American manufacturer establishes an agent in one city, who in turn names sub-agents in other cities, and furnishes them with pictures of a wheel, which their customers can have in about six weeks; and, as there is a middleman's profit to be made, the wheel costs 25 per cent. more than the English make. Is it any wonder that there are hundreds of Raleighs and Humbers in use here, and only two American wheels?"

Our Consul-General at Rome writes to the same effect. He declares that Italy is a good field for American importations, but "a glance at the list of importations will show how comparatively few articles come from the United States." He is convinced that "a market could be created for American coal, steel, and iron, machinery and tools, household goods, furniture, cotton, rubber and leather goods of all kinds, paper, stationery, etc." All that is necessary to secure this market, in his opinion, is the application of enterprising business methods by Americans.

There are other reports from representatives of our Government in Italy, all in the same tone, but we do not need to quote more. Here is a nation in Europe, with which many steamship lines put us in easy communication, ready to buy our wares by millions of dollars every year, and yet the representatives of our State Department cannot persuade our business men to be represented at expositions where tens of thousands of people would see their displays every day, and we are told that we must conquer savages on the other side of the globe, and keep a large standing army among them for ever, in order to secure a market for American goods!

THE LATIN PLIGHT.

While there is a great deal of nonsense talked about the peculiarities of particular races and about their capacities, and also about the origin and composition of races, the attention of the world is being called to-day, as never before, to the plight of the nations which pass by the name of "Latin," as indicating peculiarities of temperament or character which do differentiate them from the rest of mankind. If only one of the three leading ones—France, Spain, and Italy—were proving unfortunate, the matter would seem no more puzzling than the misfortunes of an individual man, but when you have the whole three apparently going to the dogs, while the rest of Christendom is flourishing, political philosophers are kept unusually busy speculating and analyzing about causes and consequences. In France, after one hundred years of mastery of herself, the nature of her government and her future are still as uncertain as in 1795. No real parties have apparently been formed, no particular set of ideas has got the upper hand. The thinkers have, it would appear, to fight as hard to-day for the elementary principles of civil government as they would have had to do a century ago. Everything is at sixes and sevens. Any form of government seems possible—a limited mo-

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narchy, an absolute empire, a republic, or a military despotism.

The fact that the same afflictions seem to be overtaking all three of the Latin nations, has drawn the attention of philosophers to the causes which affect them in common, and the only one which they are as yet substantially agreed about is religion. The one thing they all three are and have been for eighteen hundred years, is Christians of the Catholic Church. We were surprised last summer, when the ritualistic controversy was raging so fiercely in England, that this fact was not more prominently coupled with the failure of all three politically—that is, that an attempt was not made earlier in the day to account for the political failure of the Latin nations by their religion; but somehow it did not appear on the field until Lady Winborne produced it in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Since then it has appeared in full panoply at the English Church Congress. The Protestant champions have begun to maintain that the uproars in Paris, and the multiplicity of French governments, and the roaring Dreyfus injustice, the poverty, ignorance, and weakness of Italy, the imbecility and steady decline of Spain, are all along of centuries of auricular confession, and prayers for the dead and a dominating priesthood.

Unfortunately for this argument, there is no way of deciding whether the Latin nations are unsuccessful because they are Catholic, or Catholic because they are weak in character; in other words, whether it was their race which prevented their going over to Reform in the sixteenth century, or whether it is their religion which makes their race seem feeble. The whole question was raised fifty years ago by Macaulay in one of his review articles, but since then little light has been thrown on the subject. Some of the disputants have, in reply to Canon Gore, pointed out forcibly that whatever auricular confession may do for individual morality, it weakens individual character for public purposes; that you cannot have a strong and energetic nation composed of persons who run every week to another man to confide their secret sins to him, and ask him what they had better believe; and then, they say, look at the Latin nations. They also add that the more strong-minded portion of the French went over to the Reform in the sixteenth century, and that it is their extermination, like the burning of the heretics in Spain, which is leading the nation to death, in spite of its splendid intellectual equipment. Something of a set-off to this is made with Belgium, which may be considered a successful nation, at least industrially; but Belgium is a protected nation, and is kept by the great Powers from trying to do great things, so that it proves nothing.

The fact that the men in France and Italy do not go to confession is freely used on the Catholic side, but the youth in Catholic countries are nearly all educated by ecclesiastics and are bred by religious mothers. There is a striking passage in D'Azeglio's 'Ricordi' on the difference between the attitude of the Italian and that of the Englishman towards religion, which has a good deal of bearing on the question of their respective relations as religious men towards the state, and throws a good deal of light on the character of the two as politicians. That is, the Englishman is more prone to think everything in both church and state his individual concern, while the Italian turns war and peace, heaven and hell, over to professionals. The secret of Latin political failure evidently lies somewhere in that direction.

THE BASTILLE.

PARIS, October 18, 1898.

'Legends and Archives of the Bastille' is the work of M. Frantz Funck-Brentano, and was written with the help of the Catalogue of the Archives of the Bastille, which forms the ninth volume of the extensive Catalogue of the manuscripts of the Library of the Arsenal, the public library which is second in importance in Paris and ranks after the famous National Library. One of the rooms of the old Bastille contained a valuable collection of Archives which had been forming since 1659. There were to be found all the documents concerning not only the prisoners, but all the persons who had been prosecuted within the limits of what was called the generality of Paris, in virtue of a "lettre de cachet." Hundreds of thousands of documents were carefully classified. After the storming of the Bastille, the pillage of the Archives lasted for two days, when it was interrupted by Commissioners appointed by the Convention. Many papers had been pilfered, burned, thrown in the mud. A huge package fell into the hands of Peter Lubrowski, an attaché of the Russian Embassy; the documents contained in it are now in the Imperial Library at Saint Petersburg. The Commune of Paris took care that what remained of the Archives should be transported to the City Library. They were forgotten for a long time, or rather preserved in a heap, without any attempt at classification. This ungrateful task (for there were no less than 600,000 papers in disorder) was executed only in our day. The Archives of the Bastille, which constitute a respectable whole, notwithstanding the pillage of 1789, are now to be found at the Library of the Arsenal, in special rooms. Many registers and letters still bear the marks of fire and ill use, but everything has been catalogued, and there is hardly a day when these Archives are not consulted and examined. It is with their help that M. Funck-Brentano has been able to write his valuable book, which substitutes history for legend.

The author has been fortunate in inducing Victorien Sardou to write a preface to his work:

"I viewed," says Sardou, "with some friends, at the great Exhibition of 1889, the storming of the Bastille, which everybody might have seen, and which, by the by, was well calculated to give an entirely false idea of it. Hardly had you passed the door when you saw, in the dark, an old man, with a long, flowing white beard, lying on the traditional damp straw, shaking his chains and making lamentable sighs. And the guide told you, not without emotion: 'You see here the unfortunate Latude, who remained in this position, with his arms chained, for thirty-five years.' I completed the information by saying, in the same doleful tone: 'It is even in this attitude that he had the cleverness to fabricate the ladder which was a hundred and eighty feet long, and which enabled him to make his escape.' The assistants looked at me with surprise, the guide with an angry look, and I went off. The thought which prompted me to this utterance is precisely the same which dictated to M. Funck-Brentano this book on the Bastille, in which he places things in their true light, and offsets the legends which everybody knows with the truths of which many are ignorant."

Notwithstanding the works published by several writers—M. Ravaisson, in his 'Introduction to the Annals of the Bastille,' Victor Fournel, Bord, Biré, Bégis, etc.—public opinion remains attached to the legend which represents the Bastille as full of iron cages and dark cells. Louis Blanc, speaking of this melodramatic Bastille, says eloquently, "The man who enters it ceases to belong to the world." In 1789 the cells of the Bastille situated on the first floor of the old fortress had windows; for a century, there had been no instrument of torture; the prisoner had a large room, and could furnish it as he pleased with furniture from the outside; he could wear any clothes he liked and had no uniform; each room had a fireplace, the prison furnishing the wood; the prisoner could procure candles, if he liked, as well as paper and ink. The prison had a library where he could get books; he could have as many as he liked sent to him from the outside. He was allowed to play on the violin or the flute. There were concerts given in the chambers and even in the Governor's rooms. Prisoners whose conduct was not disorderly were allowed to visit each other, to play at cards, chess, or trictrac; in the courts they could have games; they were authorized to take walks on the platform of the castle, and from there they saw the Rue St.-Antoine. The regimen of the prison was, in fact, very lenient under Louis XV. and Louis XVI.; whatever the Bastille may have been in earlier times, it had become a prison chiefly for gentlemen who were imprisoned, without any preliminary trial, by *lettre de cachet*. This is probably what made the name of the Bastille synonymous with the abuses of the old régime: it was the prison of the "arbitraire," of the "bon plaisir." The downfall of the Bastille was the signal of a renovation, of a revolution. History takes on always a more or less symbolic and legendary character; the legend of the Bastille will not easily be destroyed. The old feudal fortress, standing with its high towers, its moats and drawbridges, in the midst of a gay and active capital, will always remain an image of the past, and will evoke the gloomy memory of detested abuses.

The two persons who contributed more than others to propagate the legend of the horrors of the Bastille were the pamphleteer Linguet and the famous Latude. Linguet, in his pamphlet on the Bastille, confesses that he had three good meals a day; they gave him such a quantity of meat that he suspected "it was to poison him." What he does not say is, that the Governor, De Launey, sent him every morning the menu. Linguet regretted, perhaps, his repasts in the

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Bastille when he was imprisoned during the Terror before being sent to the guillotine. It is generally believed that the famous Latude was imprisoned for thirty-five years in the Bastille merely because he had sent to Madame de Pompadour a parcel of inoffensive powder which was thought to be poison. M. Funck-Brentano has taken the trouble to write a full biography of this personage, with the help of many documents. He was arrested for swindling, and was condemned to a few months' imprisonment at Vincennes; his captivity was not so severe that he could not escape. He was rearrested, and this time sent to the Bastille. Instead of remaining quiet, he begins to perorate, to insult everybody; he writes on the books which are sent him insulting verses about the Pompadour. He is allowed, nevertheless, to have a room, a servant, and a companion, D'Allègre. It is with the help of this companion that Latude prepares his escape:

"One does not know," says Sardou, "what to admire most, the ingenuity of the pair or the simplicity of this prison *vieux jeu*, which allows them to fabricate at ease several instruments and fourteen hundred feet of cord, a ladder one hundred and eighty feet long, out of two hundred and eighteen pieces of wood; to conceal the whole, between two floors, without anybody taking the pains to see it all; to bore a hole through a wall four and a half feet thick, and to escape without having been once fired at."

In the early morning the passers-by saw the ladder on the wall; the escape became known, and people laughed at the police. The two prisoners were found and arrested, Allègre at Brussels and Latude in Holland. This time Latude was guarded with more severity, but it did not hinder him from remonstrating and protesting without intermission. He was sent to the prison of Vincennes, and was promised his freedom if he would condescend to remain quiet for a while. He was on the point of being liberated when he preferred to escape, which was very easy, as he was allowed to walk in the moat of the château. He was arrested again, kept again for a while at Vincennes, and, as he was considered to be somewhat out of his mind, he was urged to go to his own *pays* and remain with his family. This did not suit him; he remained in Paris, attacking constantly and publicly M. de Sartine and M. de Marigny, writing memoirs, claiming enormous damages, extorting money by threats from a lady, etc. The police lost patience, and Latude was finally sent to Bicêtre as a dangerous madman. The long chapter which M. Funck-Brentano has written on Latude is a sort of psychological study which is not without interest. We have numerous letters of Latude's; he appears in them all as full of a morbid vanity and as an impudent and insupportable person.

M. Funck-Brentano has another chapter on the "Man of the Iron Mask." I confess that, before reading it, I was ignorant that this enigmatic personage had been sent from Pignerol to the Bastille; but M. Funck-Brentano gives us the text of a passage in the register of Du Junca, Lieutenant of the King, at the Bastille, in these terms: "On Thursday, September 18, 1698, M. de Saint-Mars, Governor of the château of the Bastille, arrived, from his government of the Islands Sainte-Marguerite and Saint-Honorat, bringing with him, in his litter, a prisoner whom he had at Pignerol, whom he keeps always masked, and whose name is not revealed." This prisoner is treated with much care, and a second report says that he died on November 19, 1703, "without having had any great malady." In the register of the Church of Saint Paul, the dead prisoner, buried in the cemetery of that church, is entered as Marchioly, aged forty-five years. M. Funck-Brentano writes at great length of what he calls the legend of the Iron Mask. I will not dilate on it, as I remember a story which was told me in England about Disraeli. One of his admirers brought him one day a son, a young man of great promise, and asked Disraeli to say to this young man something which he might remember all his lifetime. "Well," said Disraeli, "if you aim to become a writer, never write anything about the author of the letters of Junius, because you would be considered a bore; and never try to find out who was the Iron Mask, because then you would be a still greater bore."

The end of M. Funck-Brentano's work is devoted to the famous July 14, the day of the fall of the Bastille. Many are the documents on this historical event, very petty in what may be called the military sense, almost ludicrous in some details, horrible in others, but very great as a landmark for France. The Bastille was stormed by the mob, by insurgent soldiers, and by brigands; these brigands have been transformed into great men. When the Duke of Larochefoucauld woke up Louis XVI. to announce to him the taking of the Bastille, "Why, it is a revolt," said the King. "No, Sire," said the Duke, "it is a revolution." Taine has well described in his great work the effect all over France of the fall of the Bastille. The people became in a moment lawless; pillage, fire, assassination, marked in a hundred places the end of a régime which was no longer defended. The disorganization was complete. The 14th of July was the turning of a leaf in the book of destiny.

Correspondence.

GERMAN IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Münsterberg's recent article in the Berlin *Zukunft*, which you justly characterize as charming, deserves more than a passing mention, for by his attempt to enlighten Germans as to the real character of Americans he has rendered both his native country and our own a noteworthy service. There are probably few German-Americans who have not had occasion to deplore the dense ignorance concerning American matters which prevails even among the educated classes of Germany. This ignorance is all the more painful to the feelings of patriotic Americans of German descent because it is in a measure wilful, and in marked contrast to the otherwise cosmopolitan extent of German knowledge. The most striking manifestation of this indifference to the truth about things American may be found in the letters from the United States which the leading newspapers of Germany permit to appear in their columns. They are, as a rule, sensational and untrue to a degree which has no parallel in the letters from Europe published in our papers. In fact, it may be said that the German public, so far as we are concerned, is treated to hardly anything but highly-spiced accounts of American corruption, folly, and eccentricity. Even so able and generally well-informed a paper as the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* allowed itself, some years ago, to be represented in this country by an impostor, who sent to it, among other fictions, a purely imaginary account of an interview with President Cleveland. Not long ago the same paper published in its local columns without a word of comment a story of the domestic doings of an eminent American which was enough to make the blood of any citizen of our country boil. What wonder that the European who reads such stuff entertains the most distorted ideas of what constitutes American life, and lends but an incredulous ear to his relative on this side of the water who, during a visit to his mother country, endeavors to spread juster notions of America and the Americans?

All such German-Americans will therefore rejoice to have in Prof. Münsterberg's article so convenient a weapon with which to disarm prejudice and ignorance. Especially will they appreciate the stress which he lays on that idealism in the national character the existence of which is not even suspected by the average German. Doubtless more than one learned German professor will rub his eyes in astonishment on learning for the first time, from so high an authority as an ex-colleague of his, that

"on the shores of this New England bay more verses are written and read every year than anywhere in Germany; that more philosophy is here being taught, listened to, and discussed than anywhere in the fatherland of Kant and Hegel; . . . Assyriology and Sanskrit, psychology and astronomy flourish here; . . . tens of thousands of school-teachers devote their vacation to work and discussion in the summer schools; and sound instruction in art, pursuing purely æsthetic ideals, occupies here a place in scholastic life such as is possibly not accorded to it anywhere in the Old World."

Perhaps this is not the place, and the present not the most suitable time, to quote Prof. Münsterberg's remarks—so flattering to our self-love—concerning the public spirit and the intellectual aspirations of the American merchant; but I may be permitted to contrast his remarks as to the confiding trustfulness which he considers the mainspring of American society, with the answer which one of the most prominent manufacturers of Vienna gave me last year when I expressed my surprise that the American system of banks of deposit had not been adopted in Austria: "Very few Austrian merchants," he said, "would be willing to let a bank know what their financial condition is."

The removal of international prejudice and ignorance is one of the greatest services which an enlightened thinker can render to his fellow-men. The American character is complex and at best difficult to analyze and appreciate. There exists, to my knowledge, no single book in any language which portrays American life as we believe it to be. Even so wise an observer as Prof. Bryce, who had his own kinsmen to judge, felt the difficulty of the task and shrank from incorporating in his 'American Commonwealth' more than the most general remarks concerning some features of our society. It is idle to hope that what cannot be found in Tocqueville and Bryce some German of the present day may supply; but Prof. Münsterberg has at least shown, in an unpretentious letter, what a fair-minded, intelligent, and sympathetic observer of American life may, in a comparatively brief period of time, be able to learn and to communicate. That he kept his vision true is especially praiseworthy at a time when the doings of certain

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Americans are so apt to disturb one's gaze. The America which he depicts is refreshingly different from that which is presented to the European reader by those of our journals which exhibit in themselves the worst failings of the American character, or, on the other hand, by those which, with the laudable desire to correct these failings, speak of them in unmeasured terms of denunciation, obscuring thereby to the foreign eye what is essentially sound and valuable in American life. G. P.

SUMMIT, N. J., October 31, 1898.

THE SENTIMENT FOR EXPANSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A careful observer can scarcely doubt that there is an overpowering sentiment in this country in favor of territorial expansion. But the curious thing about it is the paucity of arguments offered in favor of it. One hears on every hand weighty reasons against such a policy, but in its favor only generalities and cheers. The majority of our people who are capable of rendering a reason, seem convinced that this policy has very little from the standpoint of politics or economics to recommend it, but still they either are outspoken in its favor or give tacit approval by their silence.

The only satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon is that the idea of territorial expansion is itself directly gratifying to our feelings, and we are willing to undergo some economic loss for the sake of this gratification. It is on the same principle that the country gentleman maintains a park or the sporting man supports horse-racing—not because it pays, but because he likes it. The distinction between expansion for the sake of commercial and economic advantages and expansion for the satisfaction of expanding is not unlike the distinction which the economists make between productive and unproductive consumption. In the one case, the new territory is taken in order to increase our opportunities for the production of wealth and the making of a living; in the other case, the new territory is taken solely for the satisfaction of having and holding it.

If this be the true solution, the opponents of expansion must change their tactics. It is useless to argue that we shall gain nothing economically by acquiring territories beyond the seas—people are convinced of that already. The only thing that can stop the demand for expansion is a change of national taste, or appetite, so that the mere idea of expansion will be less gratifying to our feelings. To this end the opponents of expansion ought to work; but they must understand to begin with that this appetite has about a century the start of them. They need not be disappointed, therefore, if their efforts do not at once succeed.

T. N. CARVER.

OBERLIN COLLEGE, October 24, 1898.

A QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have carefully read your various writings claiming the binding effects of our declarations to Spain made before war was declared, as set forth in your leader of September 22 on page 217, and this question arises in my mind: When a nation, in a time or peace, makes certain demands and promises to another nation, and those demands are refused, and, in a war which follows, the nation which made the demands defeats the other, are the conquerors, according to historical and international usage, bound to abide by the promises? Conceding that it is so bound in case the demands are peacefully granted, do not the refusal and subsequent defeat of the refusing nation release the conquerors from the promises, and warrant them in making new conditions quite at variance with the promises?

"It is true that in the beginning we aimed not at independence, but there is a Divinity which shapes our ends," seems to have been the sentiment used to justify the Declaration of Independence, and the substituting of it for the Bill of Rights put forth before hostilities commenced some century and a quarter ago.

This inquiry is made, not in criticism, but for enlightenment.

EDWARD F. SWEET.

262 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

[What historical and international usage has to do with a question of national conscience and honor, we are at a loss to discover. The resolutions passed by Congress were demands at the point of the bayonet, and directed the President to support them with the army and navy. They destroyed, and were meant to destroy, the peace heretofore existing between the two countries. The pledge against annexation involved in them was made in expectation of Spain's defeat—it would have been senseless otherwise. No new situation has arisen, so far as Cuba is concerned.—ED. NATION.]

THE ATTACK ON THE JUDICIARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The members of the bar of Cincinnati have read with interest the accounts of meetings in New York held to protest against the selection of candidates for the bench who are utterly unfit to assume judicial responsibilities. We are confronted by precisely the same condition here. At the county Republican convention, a few weeks ago, the local boss had no difficulty in "turning down" one of the present judges, whose term expires in December, for the simple reason that the latter, having previously been found guilty of insubordination, had not been able to make his peace. It happens that the judge in question, though a young man, has proved himself a conscientious and painstaking judge—a man who, in point of personal honesty and dignity of bearing, has the confidence of the bar and of the people. In his stead was placed a man whose integrity as a lawyer, and whose knowledge of the law "as a science," the leading lawyers of the city have had occasion to question. His mate on the ballot is to be another of the retiring judges, whom the lawyers in both parties are very anxious to have re-elected. The bar developed a highly unusual activity—after the nominations—in devising some plan to defeat the undesirable Republican candidate and to elect another man in his place, without, at the same time, defeating the one candidate whom they consider fit. The plan of placing the latter, together with another good man, on a separate independent ballot was not feasible, for the reason that there is a law prohibiting the appearance of the same name on two separate tickets; and to have the one acceptable Republican candidate withdraw from the regular ticket and submit his name to an independent ticket, would be to divide the vote and jeopardize his election. The only course left—which was the one adopted—was to call a meeting of lawyers, formulate resolutions in the shape of a petition to be signed by all lawyers who had the courage to sign it, and send a copy to every voter in the county. The resolutions, which are openly denunciatory of the undesirable candidate, advise the voters, without regard to party, to vote for that retiring Republican judge who has managed in some way or other to keep in the good graces of the boss, and for one Democratic candidate, who, the bar is sanguine, would prove a better man, at least, than the objectionable Republican candidate.

The petition has been signed by nearly all the solid men at the bar—the so-called kid-glove element, and even some who are not of that element. A great many men were in accord with what was contained in the petition, but hesitated about signing it, because they are afraid of being severely dealt with if the objectionable man is elected, which is extremely likely. Others despair of the efficacy of bar movements. Cincinnati has had them before, and they were not always successful. But it seems to the writer that the reason they are not successful is because the lawyers (enough of them), in seeking to effect changes, are not sufficiently earnest to go about it in the proper manner. The trouble is, there is too much self-interest and apathy among the lawyers to do anything that requires a little public spirit. A great many of them want to "be something" themselves. The number of young men, and even maturer men, who are "training" with this boss or that political crowd is simply appalling. Everybody wants to be Corporation Counsel or Prosecuting Attorney or Judge—it doesn't make much difference which; anything to acquire business subsequently. The pursuit of the law "as a science," as the petition has it, or even as a dignified profession, is more and more becoming limited to a few. The boss in Cincinnati doesn't have to get up a Bar Association of his own, as was suggested for his prototype in New York. He has men already in the ranks who will sign counter-petitions, as, indeed, they have done in this instance. But the boss is not responsible for it all. He is powerful, to be sure; but if the bar made itself more of a power, if it could weed out men who have not the slightest qualification for being members of a learned profession, men who have not even common honesty—and it can do that if it would pluck up the courage—the boss himself might have more respect for the office of judge, and save the bar the trouble of opposing his candidate. A. J. F.

CINCINNATI, October 29, 1898.

ON CHAUCER'S CLEOPATRA AND HER PIT OF SERPENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When, in the 'Legend of Good Women,' Chaucer makes Cleopatra head the list of love's martyrs, he does some little violence to the average reader's conception of martyrdom for love; in his account of the amorous queen's death, the poet is equally unfaithful to accepted tradition. The reader may remember that, after the

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death of Antony, Cleopatra encloses the body in a fair "shryne," or coffin. Next the coffin she has dug a pit wherein are placed all manner of serpents. Into this nest of adders she plunges naked to her death.

"And next the shryne a pit than doth she grave;
And alle the serpents that she mighte have,
She putte hem in that grave, and thus she seyde:
. . . . . .
And with that word, naked, with ful good herte,
Among the serpents in the pit she sterte;
And ther she chees to han hir buryinge.
Anoon the neddres gonne hir for to stinge,
And she hir deeth receyveth, with good chere,
For love of Antony that was hir so dere.
And, this is storial sooth, hit is no fable."

Truly a barbaric self-immolation this, and far indeed from that sensuous contemplation of death and the fondling of the asp, death's minister, which Shakspere has for ever associated with Cleopatra's dying moments; but the somewhat grotesque heroism of the deed serves perhaps to establish Cleopatra's pretensions to martyrdom for love.

Without taking too seriously Chaucer's insistence upon the "storial sooth" of his tale, it is not at all likely that the poet, who in the 'Legend' avails himself of well-known sources and follows them faithfully, should have invented the incident in question. On the other hand, Chaucerian research, which has now measurably sifted all the books known, or likely to have been known, to the poet, has not to my knowledge brought to light any similar account of Cleopatra's death; and I am much inclined to doubt if any literary authority for the serpent pit ever existed before or after Chaucer himself.*

The fact appears to be this, that Cleopatra's pit of serpents is due to a curious misinterpretation of certain lines of Boccaccio's 'Amorosa Visione,' a book sufficiently well known to Chaucer.† In the course of this work, Boccaccio describes a series of pictures which he says (Canto IV.) only Giotto could have surpassed. Among them he marks the death of Cleopatra, who, "to avoid the disgrace of a Roman triumph, in a sepulchre suffered death from two serpents." Or, in Boccaccio's own words (Canto X.):

"A fuggir quello oltraggioso furore
Con due serpenti in una sepolcura
Sofferse sostener mortal dolore:
E ancor quivi nella sua figura
Pallida si vediono i due serpenti
Alle sue zizze dar crudel morsura."

Evidently Giotto might easily have surpassed in clearness this particular picture; and Boccaccio is, in fact, merely alluding to a story with which he presumes the reader to be perfectly familiar. This presumption was apparently unwarranted in Chaucer's case. When the English poet read these lines, he lacked the association they were intended to evoke, while nothing in Boccaccio suggested that the *sepolcura* was a mausoleum; accordingly, he visualized these vague hints of his original in the most natural manner possible, understanding the *sepolcura* to be merely a grave. In this grave, then, following his "autor," Cleopatra gave herself to the fangs of two serpents. It was this image that stuck in Chaucer's memory till he set about writing the legend of Cleopatra; and there he has only taken the liberty of multiplying the serpents. One should never let a good horror shrink in the telling.

*Gower, in the 'Confessio Amantis' (ed. Morley, p. 438), has merely borrowed the incident from Chaucer.

†The curious will find something to interest them in this connection in *Anglia*, xiv., p. 233, and *Mod. Lang. Notes*, x., p. 379.

This, unless some one finds a literary source, may pass as the origin of Cleopatra's pit of serpents, and this most novel feature of her legend becomes merely a literary fluke. The matter is chiefly interesting because it shows Chaucer lending definite form to the vaguely allusive lines of Boccaccio; it seems to prove, also, that Chaucer's people never existed *in vacuo*, but had from the first their appropriate setting—and right here would be the place for a homily on instinctive vs. mechanical realism; finally, it reminds us that the poets use their sources high-handedly. I am not sure but that Chaucer would have stood out for his blunder against the "storial sooth" of a Latin Plutarch. With this slender text, it would be easy to dilate indefinitely upon these neglected commonplaces of criticism. I refrain, only querying if there is not an essay to be written which should cover authors' flukes, say from Chaucer's Cleopatra in her pit of serpents to Keats's Cortes upon his peak in Darien.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, October 18, 1898.

RHYMES TO EYE AND EAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. G. M. Whicher's remarks anent the above subject, he says, "the offender does not, with Prof. Matthews and Mr. Lang, say *morrn*, but mawn." Yes, and may we not say that "morn" *is* "mawn," rather than *morrn*? Why should one *r* be made equal to two? If we allow that the two should betoken the "strong trill," the one *r*, by contrast, clearly should not do so. Again, in teaching the alphabet here in England, we say, "Kew, ar, ess, tee"; and do not sound the *ar* with the "strong trill." Are we to rhyme by letters, which are mere symbols, or by sounds, which are the things the symbols stand for? That is the question. "In the dialect of the upper classes in Old" England, *dawn=dorn* and *morn=mawn*, as Mr. Whicher says; and there is no "trill." But, there, a consonant follows the *r*. In such words as *tremble, grumble, rumble*, etc., with a vowel after the *r*, there usually is a suspicion of the "trill" to be heard, and, occasionally, with some people, or under impressive circumstances, of the "strong trill." And this seems reasonable. If it seems right that one *r* should not have the force of two, then "the upper classes in Old and New England" do not need the censure which Mr. Whicher has indicated. We have some preachers in this country who pronounce "God" as "Gawd"; and, if "morn" (as Mr. Whicher suggests)="mawn," then "Gawd" ="Gord," which is, therefore, tantamount to the insertion of an *r* where there is no "letter" *r* to give it.

The fashion among the educated majority is what rules the roast in this matter. It is fashionable among the lights of the Law Courts to address the judge as "m' Lud," though an *r* is thus and there deliberately passed over. Here you have, opposed, "God" as "Gord," and "Lord" as "Lud." Clearly there is little rule but fashion. But the Scottish "trill" does not rule the roast yet in Britain, and does not to me seem likely to do so.—Your obedient servant,

W. H. B.

LONDON, W., October 17, 189 .

Notes.

'The Family of William Penn, Founder of Pennsylvania: His Ancestors and Descendants,' by Howard M. Jenkins, is in press for early issue by the author-publisher, at No. 921 Arch Street, Philadelphia. There will be numerous full-page illustrations. A limited edition will be printed, from the type.

The Chicago Caxton Club's next publication will be the Relation of Henri de Tonty concerning the Explorations of La Salle from 1678 to 1683, translated by Melville B. Anderson.

Prof. John Rhys's 'Welsh People: Their Origin, Language, and History,' is soon to be brought out by Macmillan Co.

Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston, announce Sir Henry Irving's Cambridge lecture, 'The Theatre and the State'; 'The Fairy Spinning-Wheel,' by Catulle Mendès; and 'Adobe-Land Stories,' by Verner Z. Reed.

The October volume of the Biographical Thackeray (Harpers) gives us 'Esmond,' in which, as Mr. Leslie Stephen has just reminded us again, the novelist's "style had reached its highest perfection." Within the same covers are the Lectures on the Humorists and the Georges, and also that on "Charity and Humor," first delivered in New York in 1852. The biographical material furnished by Mrs. Ritchie in her Introduction relates principally to the Lectures and the American tours. "It's all exaggeration about this country," Thackeray wrote to Dr. John Brown—"barbarism, eccentricities, nigger cruelties, and all. They are not so highly educated as individuals, but a circle of people knows more than an equal number of English." Several sketches in Thackeray's best manner enhance the value of the volume.

Prof. William Hand Browne's concise 'Clarendon Dictionary' has been revised and much extended by the compiler, and reprinted anew by the University Publishing Co. It supplies pronunciation and a certain number of excellent illustrations, and has for apparatus a brief historical sketch of the language, lists of affixes, of geographical names and Greek and Latin proper names: of French, Latin, and Italian phrases; of abbreviations; and finally of coins. A legible 'Gem Pocket Pronouncing Dictionary,' of English origin, published by Messrs. Putnam, purports to contain 25,000 words. Its selection is, of course, different from that of the foregoing work, sometimes supplementary and sometimes lacking; and its appendixes differ in the list of Christian names, with their significations, and "directions for commencing and addressing letters to persons of rank."

The Doubleday & McClure Co. bring out Hamlin Garland's 'Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character,' which originally appeared as a serial in *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Garland's book is full of anecdote and minute information with regard to periods of Grant's life usually passed over lightly, such as his boyhood, his cadetship at West Point, his army life in California, and his leaving the army. So, also, in the period after his Presidency, his connection with the firm of Grant, Ward & Co. is told with more detail than commonly. Great industry has been used in collecting and verifying these details, in deference to a supposed popular demand for whatever will satisfy curiosity regarding such a man. The illustrations in-

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clude a number which have value, but one wonders why pictures are given of every shanty connected with the family history, or reproductions of discarded portraits that are caricatures.

A number of illustrated folios are on our table. To be recommended without reserve is Carton Moore Park's 'Alphabet of Animals' (London: Blackie & Son; New York: Scribners)—bold and intimate, on occasion decorative, drawings in black and white, which will interest any child and cultivate his taste. Birds do not occur in Mr. Park's Zoo, which is wholly tenanted by quadrupeds and the bat. The letterpress is brief and intentionally light in character. Youngsters will also find amusement, of a different sort, in Florence K. Upton's doggerel, 'The Golliwogg at the Seaside' (Longmans), with Bertha Upton's droll jointed-doll heroines, drawn in color in many exciting situations by land and sea. E. W. Kemble's 'Billy Goat, and Other Comicalities' (Scribners) is humorous in varying degree, and generally tells the story without need of the legend. The explosive and catastrophic situation is freely relied upon. The fifteen plates which make up Frederic Remington's 'Frontier Sketches' (The Werner Co.) are in this artist's well-known vein, and have the merit of being historical in the sense of being true to the life of a period, as also of depicting actual occurrences of moment and fame in our collisions with the Indians.

A disciple of Kate Greenaway's, Winifred Green, is probably responsible for Mr. Gollancz's making a selection from Charles and Mary Lamb's 'Poetry for Children' (London: Dent; New York: Macmillan). Her designs are well enough for quaint decoration. Is the "poetry" really poetry, and to be recommended as such? Is it throughout for children? We cannot affirm. Here are 127 pages of moral and pious sentiment and narration in rhyme. The editor promises more if this takes.

Of book calendars, Kate Sanborn's 'Starlight Calendar' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is first to reach us. The daily prose and verse excerpts are all for the assurance of our belief in immortality, and are drawn from many ranges of talent and authority. At the close is a series of blank pages for recording the death of friends. A couplet of Whittier's, inserted under February 16, is unsigned, and is repeated in its connection under February 27. Now and again the poetry reads so roughly as to make it certain that there has been some carelessness in transcription.

The French are now well abreast of us in the two indispensable aids to a knowledge of current literature. The American 'Trade-List Annual' blossomed richly in the 'Bibliographie Française' of H. Le Soudier, with its precious index volume; and 'Poole's Index' and its child (the father of the man) the 'Annual Literary Index' have in turn begotten the annual 'Répertoire Bibliographique des Principales Revues Françaises,' compiled by D. Jordell, who presides over the 'Catalogue Annuel de la Librairie Française.' This transatlantic genesis is duly acknowledged in the preface contributed by Henri Stein, but is not carried back to Poole, as would have been proper in a broader retrospect. The group of French periodicals here indexed, by subject and author in two alphabets, numbers 147, and will certainly be enlarged hereafter. The editorial execution is admirably clear and precise, subject to the limitations of a language which, by putting the substantive cart before the adjective horse, offers difficulties to indexing analogous to those we remarked in the German Poole on account of inflections. Add also a difference in method. Here are three consecutive items under *Anthropologie:* "(Le) Mécanisme intime de la variation des races" (English rubric, Races); "Méthode pour la recherche des institutions préhistoriques" (English rubric, Institutions); "Note sur l'anthropologie de Madagascar, etc." (English rubrics, Madagascar; Canaries; Africa, Eastern). In other words, the sub-alphabetizing is purely fortuitous. The typography is elegant and distinct, but is calculated for young eyes. The author-index is a most welcome supplement to that of Le Soudier. The Paris publishing-house of the 'Répertoire' is the Librairie Nilsson (New York: Lemcke & Buechner).

The appearance of a volume of poetry by a writer who for a quarter of a century has devoted himself exclusively to critical prose, has an interest quite apart from the artistic worth of the poems. The experiment of Ruskin in printing his early poems has recently been repeated by Georg Brandes, and, to judge by the extracts contained in Danish reviews of the book, the experiment of the Danish critic has been far more successful than that of his older English contemporary. The earliest poem, "Sixteen Years," was written forty years ago; the latest, fifteen years later, the year after the publication of the first volume of Brandes's principal work, 'Main Currents in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century.' Brandes seems to be a writer who, having considerable poetical talent, decided, on reaching maturity, not to be a poet. In this he showed more self-restraint than many others not possessed of native poetic gifts. It is to be noted that the most sarcastic of living Danish critics was least successful as a poet in satire.

The current issue of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* concludes the fifty-second volume, and is duly provided with indexes of subjects, persons, and places. To these Mr. William S. Appleton has added a welcome index to testators in 'Waters's Genealogical Gleanings' in volumes 37-52. Mr. Waters, by the way, in commemoration of the proverbial phrase, "Hobson's choice," here gives the will of "Thomas Hobson of Cambridge, in the County of Cambridge, carrier" (1544?-1631), who let his horses strictly in turn. The accompanying note was written before Lieut. Hobson had lent fresh vogue to the name at Santiago.

The *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) for October contains an account, with some interesting illustrations, of Lake Chelan, in Washington, by Henry Gannett. It is an unusually clear description of glaciers and glacial action. Mr. F. H. Newell, in a sketch of Mesa Verde, in Colorado, calls attention to the wanton destruction and removal of the ruins and relics of the cave-dwellings, and pleads for Government protection to preserve them from men who make "a business of collecting the pottery from these ruins, rifling the graves, and selling the material thus obtained to tourists or to collectors of curiosities." The geospheres, by which are meant the atmosphere, hydrosphere, lithosphere, and centrosphere, to which is tentatively added the psychosphere, to indicate the "mantle of thought which to-day envelops the world," are suggestively treated by Mr. W. J. McGee.

The *Geographical Journal* for October opens with an illustrated description of the Tirah in northwestern India, the scene of some of the military operations in the late frontier war, by Col. Sir T. H. Holdich. The Afridis, who inhabit this region, are a brave, intelligent people, with a real sense of honor, and yet, because of their blood-feuds, "steeped to the chin in all the arts and wiles of tribal and domestic treachery." A unique feature of the campaign was the making a survey of the country. At every movement of the troops "the little plane-tabling party was in the field," and oftentimes with the fighting line. Other articles are a description of Kavirondo in British East Africa, noteworthy for its numerous groups of tribes, Bantu, Nilotic, and Hamitic; Col. Church's presidential address before the geographical section of the British Association on Argentine geography and the ancient Pampean Sea; and M. Élisée Reclus's plea for a great globe, in the interest of science.

The first article of number nine of *Petermann's Mittcilungen*, by Leo Frobenius, is on West African culture as shown in representations of the human form, pipes, tattooing, ornaments, musical instruments, drums, and knives. Prof. J. Walther treats of the Oxus problem in the light of history and geology. Both papers are accompanied by charts.

Among the varied contents of the *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund for October are an account, with a plan, of the Lower Pool of Gihon, by Dr. C. Schick; maps of the vicinity of Hebron and Jaffa, together with some striking photographic views of Petra. The new excavations by Dr. F. J. Bliss are to be at Tell es Sâfi, about twenty-three miles south of Jerusalem, the possible site of ancient Gath, but certainly the Blanche Garde of the Crusaders.

The Royal Botanic Garden, Calcutta, has published two sumptuous volumes of Annals containing "The Orchids of Sikkim-Himalaya," by Sir George King and Robert Pantling. The letter-press is the joint production of the authors, while the drawings for the 448 lithographic plates are entirely the work of Mr. Pantling. Specimens from great altitudes were gathered by trained Lepcha collectors during the hot and rainy seasons of several years, and quickly conveyed by swift coolies to Mr. Pantling, who, while the plants were fresh, made drawings of them. Botanists will appreciate the importance of the fact that the drawing of nearly every species was made from a living plant. It is interesting to note that the drawings were put on stone by natives of Bengal, educated at the Government School of Art in Calcutta, and that the coloring was done by sons of Nepalese coolies, skilfully and patiently drilled by Mr. Pantling. In the introduction, Sir George King sets forth his reasons for differing from the views of Darwin, Bentham, Hooker, and others, who hold that the stamen is single in certain orphrydeous genera. He is convinced, as a result of minute investigation, that, in the Sikkim species at any rate, there are two stamens. His conclusions are not, however, endorsed by Mr. Pantling, and the entire responsibility for this hypothesis is assumed by Sir George King. The authors are satisfied that the fertilization of orchids by the agency of insects is not so universal as is sometimes supposed. They

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find unmistakable evidence of self-fertilization in genera far removed from each other.

The third volume of Henry M. Bernard's 'Catalogue of Madreporarian Corals' has been published by the British Museum (Natural History), and includes descriptions of the two closely allied genera, Montipora and Anacropora, with collotype reproductions of photographs of over seventy specimens. The three volumes now finished form a complete monograph of this reef-building family of stony corals, and are of great scientific value, for, since the publication of the classical works of Milne-Edwards and Haime more than forty years ago, no comprehensive treatise on the stony corals has appeared, while many new and beautiful types have been discovered.

The Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey, under the direction of Dr. E. A. Birge, has begun the publication of a Bulletin, two numbers of which have appeared. The first contains a paper by Filibert Roth, "On the Forestry Conditions of Northern Wisconsin," with a map. In number 2 is an extended account of the "Instincts and Habits of the Solitary Wasps," by George W. Peckham and Elizabeth G. Peckham.

The first competition offered by the Nansen fund, which was established soon after the return of the *Fram* in 1896, has just been advertised. The subject is a thorough work in embryology based on original investigation, and the amount of the prize is 1,500 kroners (about $400). The result will be announced at the annual meeting of the Christiania Academy of Science, May 3, 1900. The statement in the *Berlingske Tidende* of Copenhagen does not mention whether the competition is open to foreigners, but information on that point can be obtained by writing to the Secretary of the Academy.

No other war in which the United States has been engaged has given so long a lease of life to war maps as that just concluded with Spain. For generations to come, our eyes must be fixed on the West Indies at least, and hence Perthes's map of this region (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), conveniently folded in paper covers, cannot be slighted as being a day after the fair. It embraces nearly all of this country east of the Mississippi, the larger part of Mexico, the Isthmus, the Spanish Main, and all the Antilles. Even Newfoundland is comprehended. There are also side maps of the north Atlantic and its shores, of Porto Rico, Havana, New York's approaches, Bermuda, etc., and much information as to depths and shoals, sailing courses, etc.

We wrote "self-educated man," but we will not suppress this happy commentary from a constant reader: "The last *Nation* says that no good definition of a 'self-made man' has been yet given (or words to that effect). Goethe has done it neatly in one of his epigrams: 'No master [says the self-made man] can boast that he ever taught me anything.' The poet remarks: 'Das heisst: "Ich bin ein Narr *aus eigner Hand*."' I quote from memory, and forget the exact words of the first line. But 'a fool at first hand,' as we may paraphrase it, is not bad."

—An interesting article on the Pennsylvania Council of Censors is contributed by Mr. Lewis H. Meader to the October number of the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*. The State Constitution of 1776 provided for the election once in seven years of two persons from each city and county, who together should constitute a Council of Censors, and whose duty it should be to inquire "whether the constitution has been preserved inviolate in every part"; "whether the legislative and executive branches of government have performed their duty as guardians of the people, or assumed to themselves or exercised other or greater powers than they are entitled to by the constitution"; "whether the public taxes have been justly laid and collected, . . . in what manner the public monies have been disposed of, and whether the laws have been duly executed." They were, further, to recommend to the Legislature the repeal of such laws as appeared to be in contravention of the Constitution, and were empowered to call a convention to amend the Constitution if there seemed to be "absolute necessity" therefor. As the Constitution did not provide for a supreme judicial department, the Council served as at once the only legal check on the executive and legislative departments, and the only agency by which amendments could regularly be made. The authorship of the section is not clear, but Mr. Meader is inclined to ascribe it to "the combined views of the radical wing of the people's party," whose members included Timothy Matlack, James Cannon, and Thomas Paine. The Constitution at best was a very imperfect work, and the Council of Censors drew a large share of the hostile criticism early directed against the instrument; but the exigencies of war and the activity of the radicals combined to postpone action. The first Council met in 1783, and had no difficulty in pointing out numerous defects in the fundamental law; they could not, however, obtain the two-thirds majority necessary to call a convention. Before the time for again electing a Council arrived, the people of the State, already alive to the weaknesses of their frame of government, and strongly influenced, no doubt, by the example of the Federal Convention of 1787, decided to revise their Constitution without waiting for the Censors; and the General Assembly authorized a convention for that purpose. As Mr. Meader says, the people had borne with the Constitution of 1776, and its unwieldy scheme for amendment, because "the State had been for years divided into two hostile camps," one of which, the radical, sought "to keep its own rights from invasion by the conservatives, who had been so powerful in the Proprietary colony." It is interesting to note, in this connection, that a Council of Censors, modelled on that of Pennsylvania, existed in Vermont, by constitutional provision, until 1869.

—Prof. A. Gudeman of the University of Pennsylvania has given to the press the first volume (prose) of 'Latin Literature of the Empire' (Harpers), a collection of extracts from the literature of the post-Augustan period. Whatever may be true of the majority of American colleges, we are hardly prepared to admit the author's assertion that the works of the period in question "have hitherto, with a few notable exceptions, been virtually excluded from the classical curricula of institutions of learning, both in Europe and America." We should certainly not venture to say this of the works of Tacitus, Pliny the younger, Seneca the philosopher, or Suetonius, which furnish considerably more than one-half of the matter contained in this volume. Admitting the importance of this literature as a "key to the proper understanding of the history of the Roman Empire," and perhaps even more as the source of much of the literature of the Middle Ages, it does not seem clear to us why such writers as Aulus Gellius, Fronto, Macrobius, and the authors of the 'Historia Augusta' should be entirely left out. The influence of some of these on the thought of their day and of later times seems to give them at least as valid a claim to recognition as is possessed by such an author as Minucius Felix, to whom forty-five pages are devoted. It was perhaps a hopeless task to give sufficient samples of the prose of so large a period in a single volume of 600 pages; but it is a pity that Tacitus, who is read in all reputable colleges everywhere, and the younger Pliny and Seneca, who are studied in most of the better colleges, even in America, should displace works so much less known and some so hard to obtain in good editions. The extracts are given without notes, are generally interesting, and are well edited. They will be found useful, as far as they go, by all who wish to get some knowledge of the prose of the silver and brazen age, and they might be advantageously used with classes in sight reading.

—The first part of Thoroddsen's 'Geschichte der isländischen Geographie' has already been noticed in these columns. The second part (Leipzig: Teubner) continues the subject from the beginning of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. Like the first part it is geography in the widest possible sense, for the author in reality not only has written an elaborate account of the descriptions of Iceland by native and foreign writers, but has at the same time given us, with a wealth of detail, the whole *Culturgeschichte* of the country. A great portion of the material in this, as in the preceding part, is absolutely new. The productions, sometimes valuable, of Icelandic writers, especially in the period covered in the present volume, frequently never found their way into print, and lie to this day, in more or less easily decipherable manuscripts, in the libraries of Copenhagen and Reykjavik. The author states in his preface that he has made use in this volume alone of three hundred such manuscript sources, and has rejected as worthless as many more. Among other matter of more than local interest the second part contains, as a particular development of the seventeenth century—in many ways one of the darkest periods in the history of Iceland and at the same time the part about which the least has been written—the growth of popular superstition after the Reformation. Iceland, like the rest of Europe, had its black period of witchcraft and witch-burning, the details of which in their connection are here satisfactorily given for the first time. The book, in short, as we have already pointed out, is an absolutely invaluable collection of material bearing upon the history of the land and people of Iceland, from whatever point it may be viewed, and henceforth must be seriously taken into account by all writers upon any phase of it. A third volume, to contain in particular a review of all investigations in the natural and physical sciences from the middle of the eighteenth century down to the year 1880, will close the work. The German translation, it should be said, is an exceptionally difficult task well done.

—From autumnal Korea comes the usual mixture of evidence of the evils of the old régime and the promise of the new order of

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things. In the royal palace, on September 11, the King, Crown Prince, chief eunuch, and five servants were poisoned, and barely escaped death after violent illness and vomiting. The "death in the pot" lurked in the coffee which was made in it, for the dry beans, bag, sugar, and milk used were examined by a capable foreign physician, who pronounced these harmless. Pleasanter news is told in the formation of the Female Education Society, by a goodly number of native Korean ladies, who have sent out an appeal to their countrywomen declaring that, while their brothers are seeking the reformation of the country, "on the other hand, we women, like the blind and deaf, still adhere to old customs." Setting forth the condition of women in civilized nations, these Korean ladies "propose to establish a female school, where girls may learn all kinds of accomplishments to prepare them for the duties of intelligent womanhood." They ask that Korean parents will send their daughters to this school. On Wednesday afternoon, September 5, in the presence of the American Minister, Dr. H. N. Allen, Yi Chiyun, Governor of Seul, and Mr. J. L. Furgurson, superintendent of the work, ground was broken for the Seul electric railway. Several ladies of the American Methodist Mission were also present. The site chosen for the power-house is near the East Gate. The road, which is to run between East Gate and the Mulberry Palace, will be completed in two months. The contract granting the concession of the Seul-Fusan Railway to a Japanese firm was signed on the 8th of September. This will be, by far, the most important engineering enterprise yet undertaken in Korea, running, as it does, from the capital two hundred miles through the richest of the southwestern provinces. It will pass over the route taken by the Japanese armies of invasion, under Kato and Konishi, in 1592.

WOMEN IN GREEK POETRY.

Antimachus of Colophon, and the Position of Women in Greek Poetry. By E. F. M. Benecke. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

The Women of Homer. By Walter Copland Perry. With Illustrations. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898.

The position of women in Greek poetry is an interesting question, because it implies and defines, in the main, the position of women in Greek life and society. How far did the women contribute to the powerful impress of the Greek spirit on history and civilization; how great a factor were they in the achievement of the Greek race? The answer to this is, of course, complex and subject to limitations of one kind or another; but it is, on the whole, surprising and disappointing. The influence of the women varied a good deal at different periods and with different tribes—we must make distinctions and differences when we talk of the Homeric women, or of the Spartan, the Ionian, the Æolian; but the curious fact remains that on the most brilliant product of the Greek mind and spirit, the Attic literature and civilization, the Athenian women left no stamp whatever; the marvellous age of Pericles seemed to get on without them. Speaking scientifically, they existed and they bore children; but their function seems to have ended there—unless, indeed, we praise them for playing that rôle for which Renan expressed his gratitude to a line of rustic ancestry and to his peasant mother. Like Mme. Renan, they took a complete intellectual rest; they did not exhaust the fund of latent energy which they were to transmit to their sons by any premature drafts for their own use. They saved, apparently, all the sap of the stock for the blossoming of the masculine intellect.

We do not mean to say that there were no women of strong character and natural gifts in Athens. Such a phenomenon never happens under the most adverse circumstances; even in an Oriental harem, there flash out those exceptional beings who make the power behind the throne, and who leave behind them once in a thousand years the splendid and poetic memorial of a Taj Mahal. But, in general, the epigram of Thucydides described the limit of their ambitions: "their glory was not to be talked about for good or evil among men." A shy and stealthy tribe, as Plato says, creeping into holes and corners, and conspiring stubbornly against change or reform—the despots of the loom and of the pots and pans of the kitchen—they were doubtless deadly dull company; indeed, if they were respectable, they were not expected to be company at all. A semi-Turkish etiquette excluded them from the entertainments given by their husbands and their sons. Yet their husbands were passionately fond of such entertainments; they were naturally expansive, full of curiosity, of vivacity; they loved to talk and to hear talk; they early made a science of after-dinner conversation. If their symposia were not exactly of the pattern and quality of Plato's, at any rate they assiduously busied themselves with post-prandial quips and riddles and topics of discussion. In this business they were obliged to depend mainly on one another, not on the ladies of the house. Very often, it is true, they invited-in the company of a certain class of ladies who correspond, we will say, in their charms and their offices to the Japanese Geishas. The companionship of these lively persons was far from being "a liberal education." If we may believe the comedians and that old gossip Athenæus, the witticisms of the Phrynés and the Laises were neither very edifying nor sparkling with Attic salt. They were not exactly fit personages for Platonic banquets, nor could they have adorned that choice and decorous company of spirits who work out the high problems of the 'Republic.'

We are talking about Attic manners and Attic society. These people, brilliant, loquacious, ardent, and expansive, felt the need of companionship—the need of intelligent and disinterested companionship; and where were intelligent companions to be found except among the men? The women were tiresome and dull, or else mercenary jades; the young men were eager, alert, full of curiosity and intelligence, full also of charm, beauty, and grace to the beauty-loving Greek eye. The result was masculine friendship which was often dyed with the romantic hues of Platonic love—that kind of friendship which finds its ethereal description in the most inspired pages of the 'Phædrus' and the 'Symposium'—the friendship of Saul and Jonathan; in short, that kind of friendship which, in its highest type, is celebrated in the "In Memoriam."

It is quite in place for the cynic to shake his head and point to the black and foul side of these masculine partnerships. This side existed, and is not denied; but it would be a great mistake historically to ignore the fact that this side is only *corruptio optimi;* that primarily it was an entirely honest, honorable, and ennobling relation of high-minded comradeship, such as we see in camps and colleges and the professions, which sublimates all that is highest and most enduring in the intercourse of either sex. What man of middle life does not miss the tender grace of some day that is dead, spent in sweet counsel that can never be renewed and never forgotten? "He lies dead beside the ships, unwept, unburied—Patroclus, whom I will not forget so long as I dwell among the living; yea, if there be forgetfulness among the dead, yet even there will I remember my friend." This certainly is no bad idea of friendship and comradeship. The French could find this kind of society in their salons; we may find it often—not always—at our homes and hearths. The Greeks were driven by circumstances to find it almost exclusively among men. There they satisfied their romantic ideal. They found it more satisfying than the company of a domestic drudge or plaything, or even of a Lais or a Phryne.

Taken at its highest, this ideal reached an extraordinary pitch of refinement. The science of social intercourse had advanced far, as we may see in the niceties and the casuistries of Aristotle's book on Friendship. That true friendship can subsist only between the virtuous; that where friendship is, justice is not needed; that friends guard us from error, and prompt us to a noble life; that friendship consists rather in loving than in being loved; that true friends must be few; that one's friend is a second self—these golden and transcendental maxims, together with certain delicious refinements of casuistry based on them, the philosopher propounds with the dry particularity of a botanist analyzing a rose. But you can see that he feels the sweetness and beauty of the rose—this cultivated flower that had blossomed chiefly from the intercourse of Greek men and comrades. Aristotle does not deny that lovers may be true friends—occasionally; he admits that husband and wife may also, under certain conditions, be true friends. "Matrimony is an aristocratic relation; the rule of the husband depends upon merit"; or, again: "Sometimes the wife rules, as being an heiress, and this rule is an oligarchy"—a plutocracy we call it. These sayings are not romantic nor encouraging, and we are far away from *das ewig Weibliche.* The Aristotelian husband evidently did not speak of his wife as his "better half," though he called his friend a "second self."

Was there, in fact, any romantic sentiment between the Greek husband and wife? Did the Greek lover regard his mistress with any feeling akin to chivalrous devotion? Such a question cannot be answered wholesale. Mr. Benecke's book is a clever and remarkable contribution toward an answer; his conclusions are clear-cut and unhesitating: In the modern romantic sense, the Greeks did not know what love was between man and woman; down to the Alexandrian period they had no such thing. On the other hand, they cultivated a pure and romantic comradeship between man and man, which was the equivalent of our modern chivalrous feeling toward women. Such comradeship was often, as we know, the basis of political clubs, as it was of the famous "Sacred Band"; on the other hand, a Greek of the

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Alexandrian epoch might say to a woman, "I love you," and mean what a man does to-day. The person who set this novel fashion was Antimachus of Colophon (a younger contemporary of Plato), who deeply loved his wife, Lyde, and honored her memory with a poem. The elegies addressed by this ancient Petrarch to his Laura are not preserved, they are only vaguely described; but Mr. Benecke concludes that they were the first Greek love-poem in a pure and elevated strain addressed to a woman, and that their author was the first to teach his countrymen that a woman might be loved as purely and chivalrously as they had been in the habit of loving men.

There were, of course, earlier Greek love-poems, but the best of them were addressed by men to men. The 'Iliad' is really a love story, which celebrates the devotion of Achilles and Patroclus. Sappho conceived the novel idea of making intimate and beloved comrades of her own sex, with whom she could maintain an intellectual companionship; she borrowed the notion especially from the Dorian comradeship of boys and men—from such famous pairs as Orestes and Pylades. These were the only patterns of pure and romantic love which were then known to her countrymen, and these were the patterns she imitated in forming her coterie. The love of a Phaon she would have scorned above all things, because, says Mr. Benecke, this kind of partnership offered nothing to her mind and heart.

It has generally been thought that the 'Iliad' offers some charming types of womanhood. Mr. Benecke's theory will hardly admit this. Nausicaa is rather "a charming type of washerwoman"; Andromache will pass muster, but she is a Trojan, not a Greek; Penelope is "an ideal housekeeper"—she is more aggrieved because the suitors waste her herd of porkers than because they threaten her husband's life. Odysseus himself does not reward her constancy with responsive singleness of heart. "From beginning to end there is no suggestion of a love motive in the 'Odyssey.'"

It is the common opinion that Euripides knew what love was and what women were. But here again Mr. Benecke's thesis obliges him to assail and to minimize the prevailing opinion. He admits that about this period women began to be influential in Athenian life; they became important, men began to discuss their rights, to talk of them, to fear them; they had not yet learned to love the other sex. But Alcestis, you may say—did not Alcestis at any rate understand the modern trick of conjugal devotion and self-sacrifice? "No," says Mr. Benecke, "for the *man* she does not care in the least; for the husband, for the ideal of the family, she is perfectly ready to die," whimsically forgetting the words of Phaedrus in the "Symposium": "Love will make men dare to die for their beloved, and women as well as men. Of this Alcestis, the daughter of Pelias, is a monument to all Hellas." No, says our author, Alcestis, Andromeda, Iphigenia are lovable, but not loved. Euripides, though learned in the hearts of women, never painted true love; about fifty years later a certain Antimachus discovered that his wife was a capital and lovable comrade, as good company as a man. He proclaimed this discovery in books which have passed into oblivion, and the miracle was worked. He did not invent the romantic passion, Mr. Benecke concedes; he "simply transferred it to another sex."

These are the views of a young scholar who has made an exhaustive collection of passages and citations, and whose research deserves the highest praise. There is a good deal to smile at in these slashing propositions, and also much that is valuable and suggestive, for they are associated with an exhaustive collection of passages and authorities. The chief error of Benecke's position is that he inverts his solid pyramid of facts, and tries to balance it on its apex—that is to say, upon a shadowy personage who works a social revolution with an unknown poem; in the next place, he does not allow much to human nature, which is constantly rushing in after you drive her out with a pitchfork. Any exceptional woman is liable to break Mr. Benecke's sweeping rule, for such a woman is sure to make for herself exceptional treatment; if she be a strong character and a delightful personage, she will break all barriers, she will captivate even her husband, whether in the third or the thirteenth century B. C. Such accidents happen in China, we know, and the Greeks were by no means bound fast in adamantine traditions like the Chinese. They were by no means jealous of feminine genius. They heartily admired Sappho; they admired Artemisia, who fought like a man and won compliments from Xerxes. In Sparta feminine public opinion was sometimes despotic; the men were afraid to come back to face their wives after the defeat of Leuctra. Yet these handsome viragos could love their husbands, and die with them, as Plutarch, who was a fine connoisseur in the sex and could appreciate an Agiatis or a Cleopatra, takes pleasure in recording.

It is, on the other hand, entirely true that the Greeks addressed poems of chivalrous sentiment to young men. One or two examples will show Aristotle's code in operation. Theocritus makes Hercules the devoted and inseparable protector of young Hylas. "He taught him all things as a father teaches his child—that the lad might be fashioned to his mind, and might drive a straight furrow and come to the true measure of man." This is precisely what the poet Theognis did for the young friend to whom his elegies are addressed. They make a collection of copy-book maxims and moralizings—a sort of manual which is a cross between Machiavelli's 'Prince' and Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, with less cynicism and a higher tone. A large portion of them is entirely fit *virginibus puerisque;* another group, going under the same name, is strangely different, and quite unedifying for boys or girls. Out of the midst of these admonitions and worldly-wise advice there breaks out now and then a stanza full of personal feeling, an accent of reproach, a complaint of fickleness, a note of passion and jealousy, quite in the strain of Shakspere's Sonnets. The highest flight of these elegies exactly anticipates the strain:

"Yet do thy worst, Old Time, despite thy wrong
My love shall in my verse live ever young."

And again, in Theocritus a lover complains of the inconstancy of his friend; of pride, of coquetry; after an absence of three days (*univorsum triduom!*) he writes:

"Oh, welcome back! the third long day and night
are gone at last!
Thrice welcome! we who wait and pine grow old
ere one is passed!"

Now, here we have tenderness and Oriental passion—the passion of Sappho with more than her delicacy. To what Phillis or Chloe were the lines addressed? Why, to a young man; and this is rather bewildering—it belongs to the land of 'Alice behind the Looking-glass.' Courtesy, tenderness, chivalry, passionate affection, all these marks and qualities are found in poetry addressed to men—are, in fact, down to a certain date reserved almost exclusively for men; and then, with a right-about-face, they appear, in the New Comedy and in the Alexandrian poetry, transferred to the sex to whom, according to our notions, they rightfully belong. The lover of the New Comedy begins to know the gracious illusions and exaggerations of "Romeo and Juliet," though his world is not bathed in the rose-colored mist of that atmosphere of poetry.

Whence came this surprising change Mr. Benecke's treatise does not really explain. It was undoubtedly not a *bouleversement*, as he represents it; it was due to a series of social movements which had been slowly working towards a culmination. It was due in the first place to the genius of Menander, who held the mirror up to nature, and thought it worth while to make a study of domestic life and character instead of writing political satire and extravaganzas, as Aristophanes chose to do. Doubtless Aristophanes had the genius to give us character-studies; but his bent and the controlling forces of his epoch drove him to turn upon life the distorting mirror of burlesque. Menander, then, painted what he saw, what might have been seen earlier, perhaps, by the fitting genius and the discerning eye.

It is ridiculous to make much of an Antimachus, and to forget Pericles and his Aspasia. Aspasia was without question the kind of woman to live for, and to die for, if necessary. Pericles thought so when he condescended to shed tears before her judges. It was he, a far greater than Antimachus, who first set the Athenians an example of the affection, the courtesies, and the dignity that belong to the position of a wife. Aspasia herself, in her salon, had shown the Athenian ladies what a social force they might become, and had discoursed with them on their duties towards their husbands. It is not likely that they soon forgot so novel a scene and so rare an example; if it offended some prejudices and stupidities, it must have flattered strongly the pride and the self-respect of these caged domestic creatures, who ceased their cackle for a while and listened for the first time to rational conversation. Doubtless there were other centres of influence, though none so brilliant and lofty; these seeds of new ideals were wafted abroad, we may be sure, by the winds and currents of the time; the Dorian and Ionian modes and manners began to invade the seclusion of the Athenian harems. The barriers of the petty states were breaking up; bands of adventurers penetrate to the depths of Asia Minor and to Egypt. Even the Spartans become rolling-stones, and a Spartan king ends his days an exile and an adventurer in Egypt. Corinthian women, the Dorian turtle-doves of Theocritus, visit Alexandria with their husbands, as we visit Paris, to see the sights and the fashions of the great metropolis. The Macedonian queens, the lineage of Olympias and the Berenices, had no great store of virtues, but they had imperious charms and graces, intellect and force of character, which could not be overlooked, which culminated, instead of degenerating, in that miracle of enchantments and fas-

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cinations, "The Serpent of Old Nile." They brought their gifts to Egypt, where already for ages the women had possessed their own legal rights and their recognized position. They were honored with statues and epithalamiums and apotheoses; they shared temple and worship and tribute with their royal husbands. No wonder that here women became a power in literature and in art; in this cosmopolitan movement, the maiden and the wife at last attained their dignities and their dues. Their tastes are served by the painters; their souls become worth the scrutiny of the poet; they ascend the throne which they occupy in modern romance and the drama. To take a single instance, the Medea of Apollonius Rhodius reappears in the tone and color of Virgil's Queen Dido; the story of her maiden struggles and wavérings, her self-reproach, her curiously decorous elopement, contains bits of psychology that remind one of the latest novel, told with a reserve, a decency, a restraint which the latest novel is too apt to disdain.

Mr. Benecke's book addresses itself exclusively to scholars, but it is the brilliant and unfinished work of a remarkable young man who ought to have lived longer for the sake of the world of letters. It is replete with an engaging and vigorous personality; it charms at the same time by its natural wit, the nobility and freshness of its sentiments, by the knowledge and the ignorance of the world which it displays. The reader feels, "Here is a man whose acquaintance would have been worth making." Mr. Perry's volume belongs to another class. It is handsomely printed, not so well illustrated, and is dedicated by permission to Queen Victoria. It is written, with good taste, in a discursive and not uninteresting style. We were going to add that it is strictly popular in its manner and treatment, but this description is not quite correct, for it errs in introducing Greek words and quotations which are misprinted half the time. This, however, will not trouble its readers, who will derive from it generally correct views and sentiments, and will become acquainted with many well-chosen passages from the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.'

CHINA OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Through China with a Camera. By John Thomson. Dodd, Mead & Co.

China in Transformation. By A. R. Colquhoun. Harper & Bros.

There is an undoubted benefit, especially in descriptive geography, of uniting the work of the pencil and the camera. It is often difficult to express in the terms of a foreign vocabulary either the ideas or the actual facts of a civilization. The limitations which beset the traveller-author, because of his poverty of moulds of thought and forms of language, are very real. It is truly difficult to translate, say, the thoughts of Buddhism into languages saturated with the Christian conception of the universe. Even the most honest traveller fails to convey to his hearers the images of what he has actually seen. Lowell's poetry about the flowers of language shedding their petals in speech is an every-day matter of the prose of experience. Mr. John Thomson, who has already written of the antiquities of Cambodia and looked at China and the Chinese through a camera, aptly remarks that had "Marco Polo been able to confirm by a series of photographs his story of the wonders of Cathay, his fair fame would have escaped the discredit cast upon it for centuries." In our day, photography has cooperated with research to confirm Polo's story.

In his portly and handsome volume, Mr. Thomson gives a readable picture in words of static China. He shows what the country is and how the Chinese live. His text suggests the long perspective of Chinese history, the tenacity of China's unique civilization, and the unyielding strength of her social system. While such things as an army and navy, honest administrators, and public virtue exist chiefly on paper, the realities of poverty and ignorance are ever present. He does not, however, believe in the necessity of poverty or the absolute hopefulness of the Chinese, but he does maintain that reform is to begin not in wild schemes for arming the empire in defence of the very institutions which are the cause of her impotency; any reform worthy of the name must begin with the Government itself. Criticism or analysis, however, does not form the main burden of his book, but rather description. The Chinaman at home and abroad is portrayed with pen and picture. Although Mr. Thomson's literary style is not particularly brilliant, the information he conveys is thorough and accurate. Canton and the cities of southern China near the coast, Foochow and the River Min, Shanghai, and the line of cities along the Great River, Peking, and the group of northern cities, all come under his notice. He is particularly full and especially interesting in his chapter on Formosa. The reproductions of his photographs are numerous and of a high order of merit. There is no index.

Mr. Colquhoun is an accomplished explorer, a pioneer of trade, a marker out of railways, an engineer of the first class, and—we say it after having reviewed several of his books—a luminous and attractive writer. He has made the whole empire his special study. His list of books consulted shows that he knows what is best in the literature of the subject, and librarians can take a good hint in the business of finding out what is wheat and what chaff in the heap of books on China. His work is not one for the critical or special scholar. He writes in order to be immediately helpful to the general reader and to men of business, politics, and travel, who wish to know the China that is and also that which is to be. The subjects which he discusses are those of geography, communications, economics and foreign relations. The matter of communications is with him of the first importance. He is a railroad missionary, and an apostle holding the faith that isolation is the breeder of all manner of evils, and that the intercourse of nations is a blessing to the whole race. He describes with subtle analysis China's government and administration, her actual and potential commercial development, diplomatic intercourse, the native press, and the people.

Mr. Colquhoun has a chapter on Chinese democracy. He finds in filial piety the secret of China's marvellous longevity. It is in her genuine local democracy that he discovers the roots of the "sacred right of rebellion," which has so often asserted itself in China. The political organization consists of a patriarchal system, at the head of which is the Emperor, "the father of the people," who alone worships and represents Heaven or God, superimposed upon a vast democracy. Between Emperor and people is a hoary method of administration carried on by mandarins and petty officers who reach their position through the civil service or literary examinations. The poorest boy in the land can rise to be Prime Minister, while in the Emperor's family the nobility descends one grade lower with every generation, until in the ninth from the son of Heaven, the descendants of those who were imperial nobles rejoin and become level with the common people. In this curious duarchy, there is no middle term of individuality, no great middle class of people as in the Western nations. Nor is there anything corresponding to that great body of the Japanese Samurai who constitute one-tenth of the whole population, and who have been able to swing the nation out of the old grooves into the new path of modern progress. While Japan boasts one unbroken dynasty of twenty-five alleged centuries, China changes hers every two or three hundred years, and counts over thirty dynasties.

Most interesting and valuable are the illustrations and maps of Mr. Colquhoun's work, which powerfully reinforce the text, showing the distribution of religions, the density of population, the extent of the various rebellions and devastations. Other diagrams show comparisons of categories and statistics, so that few books, if indeed any, can compare with this as one immediately helpful to the student of contemporaneous politics. As to the burden and animus of the work, there can be no mistake whatever. The author uses the English language in such a way that the reader not only may but must understand him. He believes that the only salvation for China rests in opening the country fully to foreign enterprise; that the building of railroads, the improvement of communications of every sort, and the opening of mines by means of foreign capital and native coöperation will insure a continuance of their political organism and of happy life to the Chinese. He believes that England is the best friend of China, and can help her most. As a Russophobist, he feels sure that Russia is boundless in her ambition, and, if left unchecked by Great Britain, will unscrupulously carry out a scheme of universal empire. With more solid territorial foundation than any empire, ancient or modern, Russia is constantly enlarging her compact mass, and her people have the tremendous advantage of fighting with their back to the north wind. "To parley with such a force is like parleying with the tidal wave. Only a sea wall of solid construction can set bounds to its inflow." The one power that can set those bounds is Great Britain. Mr. Colquhoun believes in facing Russia now on Chinese soil. Otherwise, he thinks that the British will be first replaced in China, and then themselves be engulfed. He takes hope from history. "For three hundred years we fought France, and built up our empire in the process." Now, cries this apostle of trade, railways, and war (if necessary), "If Britain be but true to herself, and draw the Anglo-Teutonic races to her side, she has still the means of averting this danger which threatens the whole of those races through the domination of the world by the Slav power."

Canadian Folk-Life and Folk-Lore. By William Parker Greenough. With illustrations by Walter C. Greenough. New York: George H. Richmond. 1897. [1898.]

Without speculating on the cause of the

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circumstance, we may state the plain fact that little has yet been written in English about the French Canadians and their ways of life. Mr. Greenough has found a capital subject, his opportunities of examining it have been unusually good, and his manner of treatment is delightful. Any one can compile an historical or statistical account of the *habitants* from Garneau and the latest census tables, but it is only through the personal knowledge which comes of long residence that such materials as appear in this book can be brought together. Each chapter is a compound of anecdote, of observation, and of shrewd or amusing reflection.

Although not so stated in any single passage, we infer from scattered references that Mr. Greenough is an American lumber merchant whose familiarity with the Laurentian district springs from business relations. By a gradual process, it would seem, he has become closely associated with the people whom he describes; until, after repeated visits, he has established a home among them. Thus, as a critic of character, he enjoys two important advantages: he is unaffected by racial prejudices which might vitiate the writings of an English Canadian, and in the course of commercial dealings he must have gone far below the surface. We shall mention but one other general feature of the volume which is attractive—its absence of literary consciousness or of deeper purpose than appears at first glance. The manuscript was handed about for some time among the author's friends, and not until it had been "worn almost to fragments, and after many people had said, 'I wish you would get this printed and send me a copy,'" did it reach the printer.

In his title, Mr. Greenough uses "Canadian" just as an English native of Montreal or Quebec would employ that term: that is, he confines it to persons of French origin. Taken in its widest extension, the word comprises dwellers in cities or country towns, but here its application is limited to the rural *habitant*. "The *habitant* is simply the farmer. The name was given to those early settlers who remained to *inhabit* the country, to distinguish them from officials, traders, and others who were not expected to reside in it permanently." The descendants of these early colonists still occupy the lower shores of the St. Lawrence. Moreover, the pressure of population has driven them back into the sterile region north of the stream and southward into the fertile counties called "Eastern Townships," which were originally settled by emigrants from New England. Mr. Greenough has probably seen less of those who live on the south shore and in mixed communities than he has of the pure Canadian stock as it flourishes along the river bank between Three Rivers and Quebec. The distinctive type is nowhere better articulated than in the region which he has traversed over and over again and where he has built his own *cabane*.

A sketch which was originally prepared to gratify the curiosity of intimate friends could not very well regard the niceties of systematic arrangement, and topics are considered in a somewhat haphazard sequence. Or, rather, the chapters are separate essays, printed without attention to a fixed scheme, since the proof of particular points is beyond the author's design. All is elastic, spontaneous, and unreserved. Among the chief subjects detailed in the table of contents are "My Friends, the Habitants of Canada"; "Animal Life and Fish," "Occupations," "Amusements," "The Church," "Marriages and Festivities," "Chansons Canadiennes," "Language and Education," "Some National Characteristics." The folklore element indicated in the title is slight, and really does not touch comparative legend at all. Under the head of "Amusements—Contes and Raconteurs," several good instances of the tales told around camp-fires are given, but if the word *loup-garou* occurs anywhere we have failed to see it. Mr. Greenough's object is by swift and telling strokes to depict the French Canadian as he lives and occupies himself in modern days.

The Roman Catholic peasant—whether French, German, Italian, or Spanish—is always an interesting object of inquiry to educated Englishmen; and the French Canadian rustics, in spite of their citizenship, still constitute a peasantry. Their occupations and ideas, until they emigrate from their Laurentian homes, are far more primitive than those of the other nationalities on this continent. Their virtues strike the imagination (in cases like that of Mr. Greenough's Nazaire, who resembles the best Swiss guides); and even where extraordinary merit does not shine forth among them, they preach a certain gospel by showing that poverty and contentment are not incompatible. We do not extol their torpor, but their cheerfulness and patience are standard qualities which a restless generation should mark and profit by. However, this is a work of amusement rather than of moralizing, and we must quote a single short passage which illustrates its easy and practical strain: "At our fishing-camp we used many baked beans. Now the French for beans is *fèves*, but baked beans are called simply 'beans.' Our cook will frequently ask me if he is to '*mettre tremper des fèves pour faire de beans*,' that is, put some beans in soak to make some *beans*. So baked beans will be *beans* in French, while the unbaked article will continue to be *fèves*."

Mr. Greenough's study will henceforth be indispensable to thoughtful travellers in the Lower St. Lawrence valley, and should also be widely circulated in Canada itself. At only one point have we found ourselves differing from the author over a question of fact. On p. 78 he minimizes somewhat unduly the efforts which are made within the Province of Quebec to catch religious proselytes.

The Goede Vrouw of Mana-ha-ta. By Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer. 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898.

While the seventeenth century was young, the trading nations of Europe had already occupied most of the points of vantage on the western Atlantic coast. The line of English and Spanish settlements was broken by one unoccupied place, where the Hudson River, the future highway of a nation, penetrating a vast and rich interior region, poured into the sea at Manhattan Island. English settlers, sailing either for this point or for the Delaware capes, but neglecting the variation of the compass, and ignorant of the Gulf Stream drift, had been forced to a less hospitable coast. The Dutch, already owners of the islands of spices on the other side of the globe, cast their eyes on this western region of furs and fisheries, and planted their race upon this spot so firmly and wisely that one who looks below the surface traces their steps, not effaced, but deepened by the lapse of time.

Mercury, god of traders, was not the only patron saint of New Amsterdam. Lucina too was invoked, and with the first shipload of settlers was sent a midwife, Mary Jans, or Jonas, from whom Anekje Jans, fruitful of much litigation, descended. With Mary's help the colonists rapidly increased and replenished the earth, seeming even eager for her services, as is witnessed by the shortness of periods of widowhood, and the readiness shown by relicts "convoler en secondes noces," and often "en troisièmes."

Healthful conditions of life and peaceful surroundings favored the making of happy homes, under the rule of Dutch thrift and hereditary housewifely virtues. A generation grew up before the English imposed their alien dominion, which controlled politics, but could make no impression on a closely allied and self-respecting social system. Into this the conservative matrons would allow no foreigner to penetrate. The successive English Governors (with the bright exceptions of Hunter and Burnet), dissolute creatures of a court, or bankrupt dependants on the ruling powers, were avoided and execrated by the people for excesses and rapacities which would have turned into cruelties, had they dared to follow the tempting example of Spanish proconsuls. With these officials the men of the colony held necessary relations, sometimes intimate and interested, while the good wives of Manhattan kept themselves strictly aloof from social communion with them. This story relates many instances in which the women used their influence over their husbands to mitigate severities, resist abuses, and defy encroachments on the part of their Governors. It is related how this influence gave strength to the severe rebuke administered by the States-General at a very early date to Governor Stuyvesant for his persecution of the Quakers. This salutary effect of wise and intimate feminine counsel upon public affairs is well traced in the vivid sketches of the cruel usurpation of Leisler, the corrupt rule of Cosby, and the stirring episode of Zenger's trial.

Inviting passages for quotation abound in this volume—picturesque description, quaint revival of old customs and manners, and curious tradition and anecdote. Access to family archives from which these are drawn permits Mrs. Van Rensselaer to promise a fuller account of the leading families of Manhattan in the last century. Such annals will form a valuable contribution to the domestic history of this city, and will bring out strongly the truth that while many of the Dutch names have ceased to exist through marriages, the mother-blood of the mother-stock still subsists in full vigor. They will show that though Irish seize the offices, and Germans usurp the shops, and Hebrews swarm on the Exchange, the ancient element still holds in New York the churches, the charities, the colleges.

The volume is beautifully printed, with a clear and copious index. Two or three amusing typographical errors need to be corrected in another edition, which will no doubt be called for by a reading public of which descendants of the people commemorated make a large part. If there were an American Academy, entitled to decree

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prizes for literary excellence, this work would richly deserve the crown of its approval, as one of the most novel and agreeable books of the year.

A Hero of Ticonderoga. By Rowland E. Robinson. Burlington, Vt.: Hobart J. Shanley & Co. 1898.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Robinson's other writings do not need to be told that this book will be read with a very pure pleasure. The controversy over the "New Hampshire Grants" was not a very important episode in itself, although it nearly resulted in allying Vermont with Canada. Nor was the capture of the fifty soldiers occupying Fort Ticonderoga by a force five times as large a very prodigious achievement. But these things have become a part of our national mythology, and are as dear to the popular heart as the tales of Romulus and Remus and the expulsion of the Tarquins were to the Romans. Mr. Robinson tells his story well, and manages to make it sufficiently thrilling without dabbling it in blood. In fact, the only slaughter that takes place is that of game; and yet little people read the book with delight. May it not be that their blood-thirstiness is exaggerated, and that if authors did not, as Artemus Ward said, delight to wade in gore, children would yet take pleasure in reading?

But in the best sense this tale is genuine history. The author knows the region that he describes, he knows the speech and the manner of life of the early settlers, and, more than all, he knows nature. We take upon faith his account of the features of the country, knowing that he is familiar with them, and his description of the conduct and speech and belongings of the pioneers, feeling sure that it is based upon authentic traditions, obtained almost at first hand. But no one that has ever gone into the great woods of a winter's day, or, indeed, that has ever entered them with open eyes and ears, requires to exercise faith in order to appreciate Mr. Robinson's descriptions. To read them is almost as good as camping out, and is, indeed, not a bad introduction to woodcraft. The delicate touches which create the scenes are not the result of imagination, but of observation, and we cannot but think that if our children are to be taught the meagre annals of the early backwoodsmen, they should be taught by books possessing such verisimilitude as Mr. Robinson knows how to impart.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Alexander, Mrs. The Cost of Her Pride. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Bailey, L. H. Sketch of the Evolution of our Native Fruits. Macmillan. $2.
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Bigelow, John. Life of Benjamin Franklin. 3 vols. 4th ed., revised. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.50.
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Blass, Prof. Friedrich. Grammar of New Testament Greek. Macmillan. $4.50.
Brunetière, F. Manual of the History of French Literature. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $2.
Burney, Frances. Evelina. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. The Pilot of the Mayflower. Appletons.
Cary, Elisabeth L. Tennyson, his Homes, his Friends, and his Work. Putnams. $3.75.
Cone, Rev. Orello. Paul, the Man, the Missionary, and the Teacher. Macmillan. $2.
Davies, M. W. The Marie Corelli Birthday Book. London: Hutchinson & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Defoe, Daniel. Robinson Crusoe. London: Service & Paton: New York: Putnams. $1.
Dickens, Charles, jr., and Collins, Wilkie. John Jasper's Secret. Sequel to Edwin Drood. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Earle, Mary T. The Man Who Worked for Collister. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.
Eggert, Prof. C. A. Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris. Macmillan. 60c.
Escott-Inman, H. The Owl King, and Other Fairy Stories. F. Warne & Co. $1.50.
Everett-Green, E. French and English. A Story of the Struggle in America. T. Nelson & Sons. $1.50.
Fleming, May Agnes. The Sisters of Torwood. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.50.
Ford, H. J. The Rise and Growth of American Politics. Macmillan. $1.50.
Gee, Henry. The Elizabethan Clergy and the Settlement of Religion, 1558-1564. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Grand, Sarah. The Modern Man and Maid. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Hamblen, H. E. Tom Benton's Luck. Macmillan. $1.50.
Harris, Miriam C. A Corner of Spain. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Herford, Oliver. The Bashful Earthquake, and Other Fables and Verses. Scribners. $1.25.
Hewins, Prof. W. A. S. The Whitefoord Papers. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Hogg, James. The Confessions of a Justified Sinner. London: J. Shiells & Co.
Howe, Mrs. Julia Ward. From Sunset Ridge. Poems Old and New. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Humphreys, Prof. W. Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans. Macmillan. 60c.
Hurll, Estelle M. The Life of Our Lord in Art. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Jewett, Clark. Life's Passionate Guest. G. W. Dillingham Co. 50c.
Johnstone, D. L. The White Princess of the Hidden City. London: Chambers; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Jordell, D. Répertoire Bibliographique des Principales Revues Françaises pour l'Année 1897. Paris: Librairie Nilsson; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Keats, John. Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil. Illustrated and Decorated by W. B. Macdougall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Keats, John. Ode on the Grecian Urn, and Other Poems. [Riverside Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15c.
King, Capt. Charles. From School to Battle-Field. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
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Magruder, Julia. Struan. Boston: R. G. Badger & Co. $1.50.
Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp. 3d ed. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
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Merewether, F. H. S. A Tour through the Famine Districts of India. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
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Murray, J. A. H. A New English Dictionary. Gaincope—Germanizing (vol. iv.). Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Nelan, Ch. Cartoons of Our War With Spain. F. A. Stokes Co. $2.
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